

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



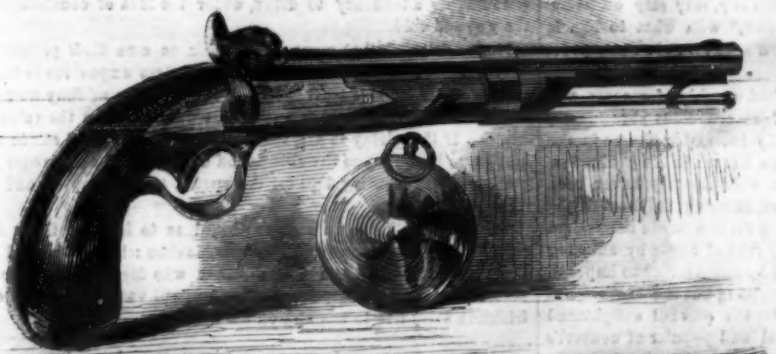
NEWSPAPER

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No. 228.—Vol. IX.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1860.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]



ARTICLES FISHED OUT FROM THE CABIN OF THE SLOOP SPRAY—NAVAL PISTOL SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN USED IN THE MURDER, AND A LOCKET.—SEE PAGE 304.



PORTRAITS, FROM DAGUERREOTYPES FOUND IN THE CABIN OF THE SLOOP SPRAY.—SEE PAGE 304.



THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION—VIEW OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA INSTITUTE BUILDING, IN MEETING STREET, CHARLESTON, S. C., WHERE THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION WILL HOLD ITS MEETINGS DURING THE PRESENT MONTH OF APRIL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 304.

THE CHARLESTON DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

We present this week the first of our illustrations connected with the great Democratic Convention at Charleston, S. C. On the same day that our special artist and correspondent, Albert Berghaus, Esq., and Dr. A. Rawlings departed for England, to be present at the great sporting events about to transpire there, we despatched a special artist to Charleston, South Carolina, to supply us with sketches of all objects of interest, incidents and events, and the prominent characters connected with that important gathering, the Democratic Convention, which takes place during the present month. Such vast interests depend upon the issue of this Convention that it will attract to the spot all the notabilities of every stripe of politics, and all the prominent men, from those who stand before the people to those who pull the wires or work in the traces. It will be a stormy time, exciting scenes will occur, and we have made ample arrangements through our artist, who will remain to the close, to receive spirited and truthful sketches and photographs of everything which transpires worthy of transferring to our pages.

The building which has been selected by the committee for the meeting-place of the Convention is situated in Meeting street, and is called Institute Hall. It was erected by the members of the South Carolina Institute, and was designed and built by Messrs. Jones & Lee, architects, residing in Charleston. It is a fine building, having a front of eighty feet on Meeting street, and a depth of one hundred and thirty-one feet. For the use of the Institute the building contains a steam engine with gear, &c. It will accommodate from 2,500 to 3,000 people. The committee pay \$250 a day for the use of the Hall and all the rooms and offices connected with it.

THE MYSTERIOUS MURDERS ON BOARD THE SPRAY.

We gave in our last paper an accurate likeness of Jackalow, the Lochoolan, suspected of murdering Captain Lee and his brother while on board the Spray. Since then many circumstances have transpired which seem to point more particularly to the miserable man now in custody. His inconsistent statements, the possession of the money, the wearing apparel of the missing man found on his person—all these proclaim his guilt, or at least the certainty that he was with them at the time of their death and afterwards—for it is absurd to imagine that the collision with another vessel, which he says killed them, would have struck both and knocked both off the sloop at the same time, or that the other vessel should not have seen them, or made some effort to save them.

Our artist has sketched for the present number the pistol found in the cabin, and also gives a graphic picture of the raking up to the deck the various articles from the cabin, which was then partially submerged in water. From the position in which the sloop lay, her side to the beach, there was much difficulty in prosecuting the search—the only means being a boat-hook. As the tide fell a chest of drawers was discovered, near the companion way, which had evidently been rifled of its contents, the drawers being left half shut, and the articles left in a disturbed condition.

Among the first articles fished up was the captain's bed. Upon the tick near the head were large stains of blood, and the wood-work around was disfigured with blood in several places. In the captain's berth was found a heavy three-cornered scraper, which is probably the instrument with which the deeds of death were accomplished; a daguerrotype of a young lady, which our readers will find in our present number; a pair of heavy naval pistols, belonging to the captain, neither of which were loaded, but one of them had evidently been recently discharged; a pocket-book was found open and empty, and a small pine box, veneered in imitation of mahogany, was brought up, which upon examination was found to have been broken open and its contents removed. This is supposed to have been the captain's money box. A telegraphic dispatch, dated Guilford, November 8, 1859, and directed to F. J. Leete, New York, which read as follows: "Wait, and I will come down to-night.—E. J. Leete." This is supposed to have come from his brother, who was murdered with him.

In the captain's berth was found a card of a Seaman's Bethel, inviting seamen to attend divine worship at 47 Almon street—the place not menioned. At the top of the card were these words:—"Are you ready for death, judgment and eternity?" and at the bottom—"Friend, Jesus invites you to Heaven: will you go?"

Numerous articles of wearing apparel, bedding, provisions, a bacjo and fiddle powder, shot, caps and numerous other articles were fished out of the cabin, but no body nor any money could be found. The supposition is that after the murder had been committed the bodies were thrown overboard, probably between Norwalk and New York.

On Tuesday, April 3, the prisoner, now under charge of the New Jersey authorities, was fully committed on the three charges of murder, piracy and robbery. He was sent to Newark jail.

WINTER GARDEN.—MARETZKE ITALIAN OPERA.
Regular Opera Nights, at 8 P. M.,
MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, FRIDAYS,
THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS, Grand Matinee at 1 P. M.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUTON STREET.
THE NEW IRISH DRAMA EVERY NIGHT.
COLLEEN BAWN;
OR, THE BRIDES OF GARRYOWEN.
Dress Circle Seats may be secured one week in advance.
Doors open at seven; to commence at a quarter before eight o'clock.
Admission.....Fifty and Twenty-five Cents.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, 485 BROADWAY, BETWEEN GRAND AND BROOME STREETS.
ENTIRE CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE.
TWO NEW PIECES.
ON SATURDAY,
AND EVERY EVENING TILL FURTHER NOTICE,
First time in America, a new Three-Act Comedy called
LEADING STRINGS,
in which MR. BLAKE, MR. LESTER WALLACK, MR. YOUNG, MRS. HOEY, MISS MARY GANNON and MRS. ELOAN will appear.
To conclude with a joyous and laughable One-Act Piece, by the author of "Everybody's Friend," called
THE MARRIAGE BLESS

OF
BOX AND COX.
Principal characters by MR. BROMHAM, MR. WALCOT, MRS. VERNON and MISS MARY GANNON.
Doors open at 7, commence at 7½. No Free Admission except the Press.
Admission.....Fifty and Twenty-five Cents.

THE ORIGINAL GENERAL TOM THUMB.—AT HOPE CHAPEL.
No. 718 BROADWAY.
TWO ENTERTAINMENTS DAILY,
From 3 to 4½ and 7½ to 9 o'clock.
ON SATURDAY THREE PERFORMANCES,
At 12, 3 and 7½ o'clock.
Admission.—Daily Entertainment, 25 cents; Children under ten years, 15 cents. Evening Entertainment, 15 cents; Children under ten years, 10 cents. Reserved Seats, 25 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, APRIL 14, 1860.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

Foreign News.

The news from Europe is the mere continuance of the march of Italian arms towards liberty. The King of Sardinia has, like a

sensible man, given up Savoy and Nice to France, in exchange for Central Italy, and it seems not unlikely that Southern Italy may soon follow the example, since Naples is in a most disturbed condition, and the English fleet, that stormy petrel, is on the watch to guard over the life and property of British subjects. The Pope remains fast asleep in his dream of a power now passed away, while Louis Napoleon seems determined to carry out his own plans without reference to either England, Austria, Sardinia or the Pope. It must be confessed that he has earned for himself the right of action.

Austria is in a state of bankruptcy, and the recent discoveries of the malfiance in office of military men high in the Emperor's confidence has spread a dismay into the whole Empire. It is said that disaffection to the Emperor has entered very largely into the army.

From England we hear that the liberal policy of the ministers has been endorsed both by the Lords and Commons. The days are gone when she would fight merely to oppose France. Fifty years ago nations fought for dynasties, they now war for principles. Even national prejudices are fast disappearing before the spread of commerce. The shopkeepers are becoming the missionaries of peace and good-will. Like other clergies, of course they ought to be well paid for their gospel.

The chief item from the East is the laying down of the telegraph from Kurrachee to Aden, a distance of one thousand seven hundred and twenty miles. The next step will be to Australia. It will be a great reflection upon us if this should be laid before our own Atlantic cable.

Late Legal Abuses.

Or late years the principle of individual enterprise has been allowed to assume by far too generally in this country the form of individual licence, and its results have been most disastrous. The popular ideal of "the right sort of a man" is rapidly assuming the form of the selfish and vulgar scoundrel who, to forward his own aims, thinks nothing of destroying those of others, and who, if he only effects this unflinchingly and sagaciously, may rely on being applauded by most admirers of "enterprise," with what to him is the truly acceptable eulogium of being "a man given to sharp practice, and mighty smart."

The most melancholy results of this blind worship of success, and degraded and degrading admiration of unscrupulous shrewdness, have been especially shown by the rapidly increasing abuses in the practice of law. There have always been knaves in the profession, as in any other calling, and there has, unfortunately, never been any want of enterprising gentlemen who, knowing to the full the guilt of some client, have still, in pleading for him, made themselves loathsome before the judgment of every man of honor by affecting the sincerest belief in his innocence, and by endeavoring to impeach the credibility of witnesses who spoke nothing but the truth. But it really seems to have been reserved for the present enlightened age to see the practice become general and popular of counsel's doing literally any and everything without regard to humanity or the commonest decencies of life, in order to establish even the chance of a point in his favor. Is it not iniquitous, we ask, that in a mere action for damages the characters of innocent persons, or of those in no way connected with the question at issue, should be dragged from obscurity, the idle thoughts and careless words of bygone years be tortured with loathsome, venomous ingenuity into the semblance of depravity and guilt, and the peace and social position of whole families wrecked right and left, in order to establish or overthrow a plea which, so far as real importance is concerned, may not be worth bringing into Court at all? Is it not calculated to arouse alarm when it is seen that no degree of respectable social standing, no well conducted life can shield a citizen, his wife or daughters from being dragged into Court, and, in order that some graceless legal scoundrel may earn his fees, be interrogated as to every careless word or observation of bygone years; the whole to be embalmed in the filth of a fully reported trial for the benefit of the rising generation. Is it right or just that lawyers be allowed to have this unlimited swing, this free course over all the principles of common decency and human instincts? Time was when "enterprise" was not quite so much worshipped by the American people, and when it would have been thought that a sense of propriety—of which there is one as common in its way to men as to animals—would have checked some of these outrageous assumptions of men of the law. Unfortunately, the admiration of mere shrewdness and the blind worship of success has eaten like a poison into the popular mind, and those who in like place would do likewise if they could are not the men to sit in judgment on the guilty.

We often find among the criminal records of our cotemporaries instances of cruel abuse as regards witnesses, which might well induce one to ask whether we really live in the very Christian community which, in its extreme purity, actually endeavors to hamper or destroy all amusements whatever for the poor, and which labors hard to stop all visiting the country on our only day of rest—excepting, of course, by those who own their own carriages.

We can recall a case in which, when a married woman and her paramour were desirous of carrying on an intrigue, they got the husband, who was very poor, out of the way by the simple expedient of giving him a good whipping. The husband prosecuted for an assault, and was confined as a witness for several months in jail. The paramour obtained bail and lived with the woman without hindrance. But there are few lawyers, indeed, who cannot tell of a case in which the iniquitous principle of imprisoning witnesses has been employed legally and ingeniously (but always legally) in order to further knavery or aid revenge. Among the poor there are annually in our great cities a vast number of cases of arrest or imprisonment on one pretence or the other, the real object of which is to extort money or cause suffering.

To return to the imprisonment of witnesses. It is undoubtedly true that in a regular trial some points of interest are frequently developed or extorted which would not have been derived from a primary examination. But these points are of trivial importance, on the whole, when compared to the amount of imprisonment and of suffering which witnesses are obliged to undergo. In the great majority of cases a primary examination would be quite sufficient. It might, indeed, lop off and reduce some of the glorious opportunities for display in the art of ingeniously tormenting and badgering the occupants of the witness-box; but, on the whole, it would not only forward and expedite the aims of justice, but also greatly promote humanity.

Appropos of this subject, we call attention to the following illustration in point from the *Tribune* of April 11, in which the allusion is to the young woman who witnessed the alleged murder of Virginia Stewart by McDonald, and who were promptly looked up in

prison and kept there, while McDonald was escorted about town by policemen to places of debauchery:

Meantime the two unfortunate companions of Virginia Stewart have spent eight weary months in prison, anxiously awaiting the end of "the law's delays." Separated from their friends and their home, in a strange land and in prison, they are obliged to remain here simply that they may repeat the tale so often told by them. All that they can say has been said in Court, and has been sworn to by them; yet, for the convenience of the prisoner and his counsel, they must be bolted and barred from all the pleasures of home and friends.

We commend the calm consideration of all these legal abuses to associations of different kinds desirous of promoting social reforms. An association, for instance, whose aim would be to give law gratis to those who cannot afford it, and agitate the reform of the scandalous privileges which many legal gentlemen of the present day arrogate to themselves, would probably do more good in six months than almost any institution now in existence.

Our Citizen Soldiers' Parades.

We dare say our readers have frequently been astonished and disgusted at the spectacle presented to them of a company of militia marching down Broadway in the midst of a drenching rain from above, and several inches of mud below. When it is borne in mind how easily this might be obviated by the simple regulation that the parade should be made dependent upon the state of the weather, we conceive that the sooner the present absurd custom is abolished the better for the health, comfort and morals of our citizen soldiers. What could be easier than to have it understood that, in the event of the day being rainy, the parade should be considered postponed till the first fine morning? We do not think that marching in the slush of New York for a day, beneath a heavy and chilling rain, is at all calculated to convert our citizens into soldiers, since military prowess does not exactly depend upon inflammation of the lungs or bronchitis. It has also the additional drawback of encouraging a tendency to drink, under the idea of counteracting the wet and cold.

It is undoubted that many of our citizens owe their premature death to diseases engendered by these needless exposures to inclement weather, and we trust the good sense of our military authorities will at once stop such a senseless outrage upon the rules of health. If they delay to act, the men themselves should stir in the matter, and insist upon the abrogation of so stupid and dangerous a discipline as devoting days for the spread of consumption and its attendant evils.

We trust that there are none so absurd as to imagine that a due regard to health is an unsoldierly qualification: if there should be such, let us remind them that the man who dies of bronchitis in the hospital, before he meets the enemy, will very seldom (as the Irishman said) live to triumph on the field of battle.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

The Washington Correspondent of the *Daily News* mentions a fact which we trust the press of New York and Washington will take up. Captain Edward G. Elliott, a Quartermaster in the army, died in the service of the Government in 1840. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining vouchers or their copies at the time, there appeared to be a large indebtedness on his part to the Government. His young wife at once voluntarily surrendered every dollar in order to vindicate her husband's honor. That indebtedness to the Government no longer exists; the proof has been furnished that he had paid it in his lifetime, within a small fraction. The small pension granted by Congress is the sole subsistence of the widow and orphan of Captain Elliott. Now, this lady comes back to Congress, praying for the restoration of the all which she gave the Government upon the belief that the vouchers of her husband could not be found. They have been discovered, and she is clearly entitled to the principal and interest, from which deprivation she has suffered for years. We have no doubt the Secretary of War will give this matter his immediate consideration, as he is a Virginian gentleman famed for his generosity and courtesy to the fatherless and widows.

Some of our Journalists are really as absurd as Barnum's "What is it?" One has a long article connecting the approaching visit of the Prince of Wales with a design upon the part of England to seize upon Mexico. Having suddenly turned a corner in his reasoning which brings him to a full stop, like a brick wall, he then walks off in another direction, and says that if England doesn't mean to take Mexico for one of the young Guelphs, then France does for Plon-Plon.

The *Constitution* of Washington announces that the Cass-Herran Treaty has been ratified by New Granada. This was to settle our dispute with that miserable country, whose barbarians murdered twenty or thirty of our citizens in 1856. What indemnity for the past have we got, and what security for the future? Let us know this without any circumlocution. Are the murderers punished?

The *Express* has a very severe article upon the impropriety of young ladies giving their daguerrotypes to young gentlemen, who are merely acquaintances. We agree that when the lady is married, and has given herself away, she may bestow her daguerrotype on the happy possessor of the original, if he should not have had enough of the beautiful reality.

One of those swindlers known as sailors' lodging-house-keepers was brought up last week before the Mayor's *locus tenens*, for cheating three Spanish sailors. After much parleying the man disgorged the fraud, and was allowed to depart on his career of rascality. We should like to know what the secret fascination is which Peter Funks, Emigrant Runners, and Sailors' Boarding Houses wield over the Rhadamantian Bench of New York.

However unsentimental it may sound, we cannot altogether credit the love romance now "sighing like a breeze" through the press about the lovely Jewess and the faithful Hart, our worthy Surveyor of the Port. We cannot credit this pretty little passage, worthy of Bonner's *Prize Romance*, but which is really and truly taken from the *Tribune*. "Years ago, when in Paris, a lovely Jewess became enamored of him, but he did not return the passion. When he came back to New York, he still remained the object of her tender recollections, which were shown by her sending him, on the several annual feast days of her ancient faith, valuable presents—sweet memories which only the delicate taste of woman knows how to summon up. Every feast of the Passover, as well as every other Mosaic day of mark, accordingly there were dispatched to this city, sentimental objects of art and vertu; and neither distance, time, nor the absence of a Reciprocity Treaty, could abate her love the least. As she was faithful in life so was she true in death, for the next arrived the other day that the poor lady had gone to a better world, and dying bequeathed to Mr. Hart an estate. It was legally necessary for him to go abroad to look after it, and accordingly he sailed on Saturday for Hamburg, where the estate lies." Our readers cannot fail to admire the mixture of conflicting images in the foregoing little romance. "Sentimental objects of Hart," "Reciprocity Treaty," and "bequeathing an estate."

Conclusive Testimonials about Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
The great reputation which Dr. Ayer's compound extract of Sarsaparilla has enjoyed for some years past is the legitimate result of the sterling excellence of the article. Its rare medicinal properties have been tested by the personal experience of many hundreds of thousands of our citizens, and its marvellous efficacy in purifying the blood and inducing that healthy action which expels all latent disease, is acknowledged in all quarters and by the most unquestionable authorities.

The latest and most important testimony yet offered in regard to the inestimable properties of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a document signed by all the Mayors in office in the United States and in Canada. Such an accumulated mass of flattering testimony from gentlemen in the highest social position was never before received by any business man, and must necessarily give additional stability to a medicine already widely popular and universally esteemed.

Personal.

GENERAL WILLIAM WALKER'S love for adventure is irrepressible. He passed through Cincinnati on the 30th, on his route to the Rio Grande.

We regret to hear that Mrs. Clem, the admirable and Christian mother-in-law to Edgar A. Poe, is in destitute circumstances. In this land of liberty there ought to be charity. Which of the publishers who have made so much money by the poems of our great poet will contribute?

Dr. LINDNER, Prof. of Theology in Leipzig, has been sentenced to six years penal servitude for purloining some valuable Greek manuscripts. He had a monomania for antiquities.

MADAME CORA DE WILHELM, who, in America, passed off as an Italian Countess, in Germany has transformed herself into a Brazilian one.

THE New York Times of the 2d calls the inhabitant of Berlin Dutchman.

SIR WILLIAM BECKER, Grand Knight-Templar, has died in Trinidad, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. He went to that island sixty years ago, as a carpenter, married a Quadroon, and has now had the pleasure to die worth four millions of dollars. He was a Philadelphian.

THE *Mascot* (Iowa) *Journal*, reports the marriage of a Miss Stephens to a Mr. Wood. The lady being told that it was a leap year boldly popped the question, and Mr. Wood being a sensible man was agreeable.

THERE has been a grand entertainment given in Havana in commemoration of the conquest of Teotihuacan. The Spanish donnas were entirely eclipsed by the American belles. Miss Havemeyer was the star of the evening. Serrano, the Governor, one of the numerous ex-lovers of the Queen Isabella, paid her the compliment of saying, "that she was the loveliest of the evening, as none could approach her in beauty and brightness." The fair lady naively asked if that was one of the *bon-bons* he had formerly charmed his royal mistress with? Dr. Tucker (*Daily News*) was also there.

LOLA MONTES is lecturing in Chicago, Illinois. She paid a visit to our fair friend Mrs. Croly, of the *Rockford Argus*, who was much pleased with her fair "intruder."

It is said that the fair and now famous Effie Carstang is an old hand at breach of promises. Six years ago she obtained damages against Judge Ivy to the tune of five thousand dollars. Brougham says that, like other ivy, he was the victim of some hoax (oaks).

THE members of the Prize Ring at Washington are training à la Hoennan. Last week Mr. Hindman knocked Mr. Van Wyck down, which reminds us of the old saying that the "dell" will take the *hind* man, or headmost, some of these days; and next evening Mr. Clingman and Mr. Clay had a set-to, in which they exchanged blows and black eyes. Alas! the frailties of poor Clay will cling to him. Senators Toombs and Davis were bottle-holders.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR has written to the *London Times* a very forceful letter against Louis Napoleon. We had hoped his letter-writing at Bath had broken him of his slanderous habits.

GOVERNOR FLOYD has received despatches from Colonel Lee, from San Antonio, dated 15th March. He was on the start to take command of the American forces on the Rio Grande.

AMONG the pirate crews of the two captured Miramon steamers, are Louis Delisle and Antonio Caracano, two fugitive criminals of New York. They have been arrested, and will, no doubt, suffer for their past offences.

SOUTHERN WASHINGTON FERRIES, of Aberdeen, Arkansas, was compelled, lately, to kill his brother, in self-defence. He immediately delivered himself up to the authorities, drawing up the warrant himself for his own commitment. His brother was a terrible rowdy, and had presented a pistol at the Squire's head.

MR. ISAAC TOWNSEND died on Monday, at his house in Twenty-fifth street. He was in his fifty-sixth year. The famous Irish orator and patriot, Thomas Francis Meagher, married his daughter.

THERE were fifty children lost or mislaid, last Sunday. Thanks to Mr. James Kellock, the telegraph operator, all but two were returned to their careless parents and guardians.

GENERAL PAKE has been again recalled to Venezuela. It is doubtful whether he will accept the invitation. These mongrel anarchy require a tyrant, not a gentleman, like Gen. Pake.

THE appointment by the Emperor of Russia, Count Panine, to the Presidency of the Commission for the Serf Emancipation, is considered as a virtual postponement of that great measure. He is the present Minister of Justice, at St. Petersburg, and has always been bitterly hostile to progressive movements. He is the owner of twenty-two thousand serfs.

COUNCILMAN MCCARTHY, who has been hitherto charged with killing the famous Pat Cosgrove, alias Cockroach, after all may not be the guilty one. One Coles, an oyster-man, has been arrested, charged with the murder.

LAST Tuesday, April 3d, the birthday of Washington Irving was celebrated at the Academy of Music. Bryant, the poet, delivered an address pertinent to the occasion. On the following evening a reception took place at the Historical Society's rooms, corner of Eleventh street and Second avenue, which was well attended.

THE *Crockett Pioneer* says that Mr. T. P. Coffey, a merchant of that place, published a scandalous piece of poetry about a Miss Whitwell, a schoolmistress. She sued him for \$6,000 damages, and gained the suit. The jury returned the verdict at midnight. So strong was the public sentiment in favor of the plaintiff, that the verdict was received with shouts of the people, the firing of guns and other demonstrations of gladness.

OUR young countrywoman, Miss Avonia Jones, is meeting with great success in Australia. Her acting is the theme of universal praise. One of her greatest successes was in the part of "Sybil." A correspondent from Melbourne says: "I again went to see her in 'Sybil,' a character she has made so much her own that in its intensity you forget you are surrounded by other scenes than those before you. The play was written by John Savage, now of Washington, formerly associate editor of the *States*, and it possesses merit of a high dramatic order rarely found in modern plays."

WE regret to announce the death of our friend John Tyler Hodges, the proprietor of the well-known *Bank Note Reporter*. He died of inflammation of the brain, on Monday evening, aged 35. He was an energetic, able man, frank, liberal and courteous.

GRAND MILITARY TOURNAMENT AND ASSAULT OF ARMS AT THE WASHINGTON ARMORY, ST. LOUIS.—On Friday, the 30th March, there was a complimentary testimonial from the first Brigade of Missouri Volunteers to Capt. Hamersley. The gallant captain and his son opened the Tournament with small sword exercise, which was made all the more interesting from a pleasant history of that weapon, given with great conciseness by the captain. The Hindoo club exercise was much admired. Young Hamersley wielded the largest club in this country with great ease. It weighs 50 lbs., is 3 feet 6 inches long and 2½ feet in circumference. Altogether the tournament was well worthy the interest it occasioned.

LITERATURE.

WE have received from T. NELSON & SONS, of London, Edinburgh and New York, several works of a moral and religious character. The most important among them is *Samuel the Prophet*, and the *Lessons of his Life and Times*, by the Rev. Robert Steel, of Cheltenham, England. This book, to use the words of the author, is a contribution to the study of Old Testament biography, and is the result of six years' study of the subject. Although there are many commentators on the life of Samuel, such as Matthew Henry, Scott, Pool, Clarke and Kitto, no one has adopted the subject on the extended scale embraced in the work before us. The reverend author has traced the life of the prophet from its beginning, through all its phases, up to the period when the existence of Samuel ceases to be recorded in the sacred history of the times. The lessons which the life of Samuel teaches, and their applicability to the present generation, are ably and earnestly stated, in a purely Christian view, without bigotry or prejudice. The parallels of character are drawn with singular fidelity and much acuteness. The book contains incidental matter of great interest, stated with a clearness and breadth of intelligence which will recommend it to the best class of readers.

The other works sent us by T. Nelson & Co. are essentially adapted for the reading of the young. They are replete with general and useful information, and are highly moral and instructive in their tone and sentiments. The titles of these books are: *Spare Well Spend Well*, or the *Advantages of a Frugal Piece*; *Look Upward*, or the *Working Boy's Own Book*; and *Old Robin and his Proverbs*. All these works are got out in admirable style, good binding, fine paper and large legible print.

From LARG & LARG, 117 Fulton street, New York, we have received a beautifully got up and very interesting book, *The Centennial Birthday of Robert Burns*, edited by J. Cunningham. It contains the proceedings of the Burns Club of New York on the occasion of the centennial of the birthday of Robert Burns, Tuesday, January 25th, 1859. The festival dinner at the Astor House called together many choice spirits and men of varied talents, and the oration and the speeches were worthy of the record which has been vouchsafed to them in the elegant work before us. In addition to other highly interesting matter, the tributes of the poets to the genius and the memory of Burns will be found a special attraction.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from C. BREUSING, 701 Broadway, several new compositions for the piano-forte, by Hermann A. Wollenhaupt, a gentleman who stands at the very head of our resident composers, and whose works are as highly esteemed abroad as they are at home. In Germany and England each new composition of Mr. Wollenhaupt is immediately reproduced, and many of them have achieved a remarkable popularity in those countries as also in France. Mr. Wollenhaupt is a thorough musician; earnest and enthusiastic in his own nature, he is free from those bigoted national prejudices which deny merit to all save one school; he is quick to recognize merit, and generous in

awarding praise. His compositions are eminently graceful in form, and distinguished for an easy flow of charming melody. He combines with grace an influence of brilliancy—like the elegant curve of the rocket and the shower of sparkling fire which succeeds it. His works have force and strong characteristics, but the marked feature in his style are melodious gracefulness with sparkling brilliancy, and a meditative vein of tender and passionate sentiment with rich and elaborate harmony.

Mr. Wollenhaupt is also a thoroughly practical man, a teacher of rare and acknowledged excellence, and is now publishing a plain, matter of fact musical instruction book, with Theodore Hagen, Esq., the editor of the *Musical Review*, which will be a godsend to both masters and pupils.

The compositions of Mr. Wollenhaupt, which we have received from C. Breusing, are a profoundly thoughtful and poetically conceived "Andante Elegique," dedicated to Sigismund Thalberg. It breathes the same tone of feeling as Thalberg's "In Memoriam," and is charming in its conception and masterly in its carrying out. The principal themes are eloquently pathetic. The "Andante Elegique" is one of the best of his compositions.

"Faintness of Heart," dedicated to Mlle. A. Breusing, is a brilliant varying of two themes, "Il Balen," and "Due Figlia," from the opera. The variations are ingenious, the themes fancifully elaborated and worked up with great effect. It is a brilliant show piece.

"Grand Valse Styrienne," a Morceau de Concert, strongly marked with those peculiar and piquant characteristics which distinguish the true National Styrienne. Mr. Wollenhaupt has conceived very quaint and characteristic subjects, and has woven them together with his accustomed skill and judgment. It is a charming piece for performers of fair executive ability.

"Mazurka" is a Grand Galop de Concert and is very brilliant, requiring a first class amateur performer to render it with proper effect. It is a tone-painting of Byron's great poem, and has all its rush, impetuosity and intensity. The subjects are broad and are characterized by an uncurbed restlessness, a dash and a swing which indicate the story with much fidelity. It is a clever composition and is exceedingly brilliant and effective.

"Sweetest Smile Polka," and "The Song of the Sylphs," Grand Vesta! Brilante, are two of those charming and felicitous compositions which have made Mr. Wollenhaupt's name popular and familiar in all classes of musical society. They are graceful, flowing, melodious, piquant and brilliant, such as moderate performers can make a dashing show with. These cannot fail to meet with a large sale. We can commend all these pieces cordially to our readers. The music is brought out by C. BREUSING in admirable style.

We have received from WM. HALL & SON a new piano piece by W. Vincent Wallace, called "Souvenir d'Allemagne," and dedicated to his friend, C. B. Burkhardt, Esq. It is a very pretty and melodious "Valse de Salon," true dancing music, easy to perform, pleasing and brilliant in effect. It will be very popular not only upon its own merits, but because Wallace will be the fashion now.

MUSIC.

Italian Opera, Fourteenth Street.—The Ullman and Strakosch Opera Company return to the Academy of Music on Monday evening next. If we may judge from the reports which have reached us from the provinces where they have been performing, the Company with its special star, Adelina Patti, has met with remarkable success, and the managers must have returned with very plethoric breeches-pockets. This is a lucky augury for the commencement of their spring season, and should make them anxious to feast their patrons upon novelties.

The programme for the opening night, Monday, the 9th, is "Il Barbiere de Seville," with Adelina Patti as Rosina, Brignoli as Almaviva, Ferri as the Barber, Suzini as the Doctor, and Amadio as the Abbé. After the long London season there will doubtless be a brilliant display of beauty and fashion on the occasion of the opening night.

Italian Opera, Winter Garden.—Max Maretzek opens this beautiful theatre with a very strong company on Monday evening next, the 9th. The principal artists which Mr. Maretzek has secured to make his spring season a brilliant and memorable affair, are that admirable artist Signora Pepita Gassler and Signora Luez Fabbri, pronounced by Madame La Grange to be one of the greatest artists of the day; prima donna contralto, Miss Anne Wiseler; and comparsa, Madame Van Berkel. Signorina Frezzolini, who has recovered the full power of her fine voice, will also appear during the season.

Two new, and we understand, splendid tenors, will make their first bow to an American audience. Their names are Signor A. Errani and Signor A. Volpini. The company is rich in basses and baritones, consisting of Signori Gassler, Florence, Arlavani, Gasparoni and Weinlich. The Conductors are Carl Anschutz, R. Mulder and Max Maretzek. This is certainly a strong and competent company, and judging by the success which the new artists have obtained in the South, we may expect a degree of operatic excellence such as we were accustomed to under the old regime of Max Maretzek. Several novelties are in preparation, among which we may mention Mercadante's "Il Bravo," and Halevy's "La Juive," which will be produced in superb style.

The orchestra will be full and complete, and of the highest excellence. Among the names announced we find the best instrumental performers in the city.

The opera chosen for the opening night will introduce Signora Gassler and the new tenor, Errani. The prestige of Maretzek's name and the fine company he controls will secure him the sympathy and patronage of all musical circles, and render his season at the Winter Garden both brilliant and profitable.

DRAMA.

Laura Keene's Theatre.—Mr. Bourcicault has produced his seventh and last drama for the season; it is called "The Colleen Bawn, or Bride of Garryowen." It is, as he himself says, Irish to the backbone, and let us add by far the best Irish drama ever performed in New York. "Colleen Bawn" is adapted from Gerald Griffin's novel of "The Collegians," but the main feature of the story is altered to meet the requirements of the stage, and a play produced full of interest, healthy in tone and thrilling in incident.

The plot, though intricate, is nicely elucidated, and, if it is not especially original, is treated to a fresh and becoming dress. Mrs. Cregan (Mrs. Ponisi) is a widow with one son, Hardress Cregan (Mr. Daly), through whose "fast" proclivities the estate has become heavily burdened, the largest creditor being one Corrigan (Burnet), formerly steward to the family. But two paths are open through which the Cregans can escape the impending ruin, either Mrs. Cregan must become the wife of Corrigan, whom, of course, she hates and despises; or her son must marry his cousin Anne Chute (Miss Keene), a wealthy heiress betrothed to him, but in love with Kyrle Daly (Mr. Fisher). One important objection exists, however, to the consummation of this latter project; unfortunately Hardress has been privately married to a lovely peasant girl, Eily O'Connor, the Colleen Bawn (Miss Robertson). This state of things coming to the ears of Danny Mann (Mr. Wheatleigh), foster brother and body-servant to Hardress, he undertakes to relieve his master from the unpleasant predicament in which he finds himself by putting the Colleen Bawn out of the way, which amiable purpose he sets about accomplishing by enticing the girl to a cave into which the son enters, and there deliberately thrusting her from the rocks into the water. Just as he has performed this deed he is perceived by one Myles-na-Coppaleen (Mr. Bourcicault), whose whiskey still is in a remote corner of this cave, and the latter mistaking Danny for another (it is supposed to be quite dark) fires at and wounds him, and then succeeds in fishing up the body of Eily O'Connor, for whom, by the way, he cherishes a hopeless but most self-sacrificing love.

The Colleen Bawn having thus disappeared—for she remains concealed in Myles-na-Coppaleen's cabin—it is universally believed that she has committed suicide; and Hardress, though broken-hearted at the loss, consents to marry his cousin, to save his mother from the clutches of Corrigan. Everything is prepared for the ceremony; the bride ready, the guests assembled, when the officers of justice arrive to arrest Hardress on a charge of having caused the Colleen Bawn to be murdered; Danny Mann on his destined having acknowledged committing the crime at the instigation of his master. Of course the terror and consternation is general, when suddenly the Colleen Bawn appears alive and well, led forward by Myles. Mutual explanations ensue; Hardress is overjoyed at meeting his wife, and presents her as such to his mother; while Anne Chute, delighted beyond measure at escaping from nuptials her heart did not sanction, pays off all Mrs. Cregan's debts, and then bestows her hand, heart and what is left of her fortune upon Kyrle Daly, whose satisfaction at the course of events is most intense.

Thus have we hastily sketched an outline of the story of this play. There are numerous scenes, incidents and characters, all good and necessary to the proper working out of the plot. The language is terse, no more being said by any one than is requisite for a clear comprehension of what is going on; and, though the characters are none of them strictly new to the stage, yet are they so carefully managed as to appear quite fresh and charming. After the names incidentally mentioned in the cast, it is hardly worth while to add that the play is most capably acted; but we must express our pleasure at the sincere welcome accorded to Mrs. Ponisi; this lady is a most valuable acquisition to Miss Keene's company. Miss Keene's portrayal of Anne Chute, the high-spirited, noble-hearted Irish girl, is full of grace and vivacity, another and brilliant addition to her long list of successes; and Miss Robertson as the Colleen Bawn was pretty and pleasing; for the rest they do what is not done for them, and do it well. The scenery is beautiful in the extreme, and all the appointments such as one always looks for, and what is more to the point, always finds at this house. Greater praise we cannot well accord.

"The Colleen Bawn" will, without doubt, run through the remainder of the season.

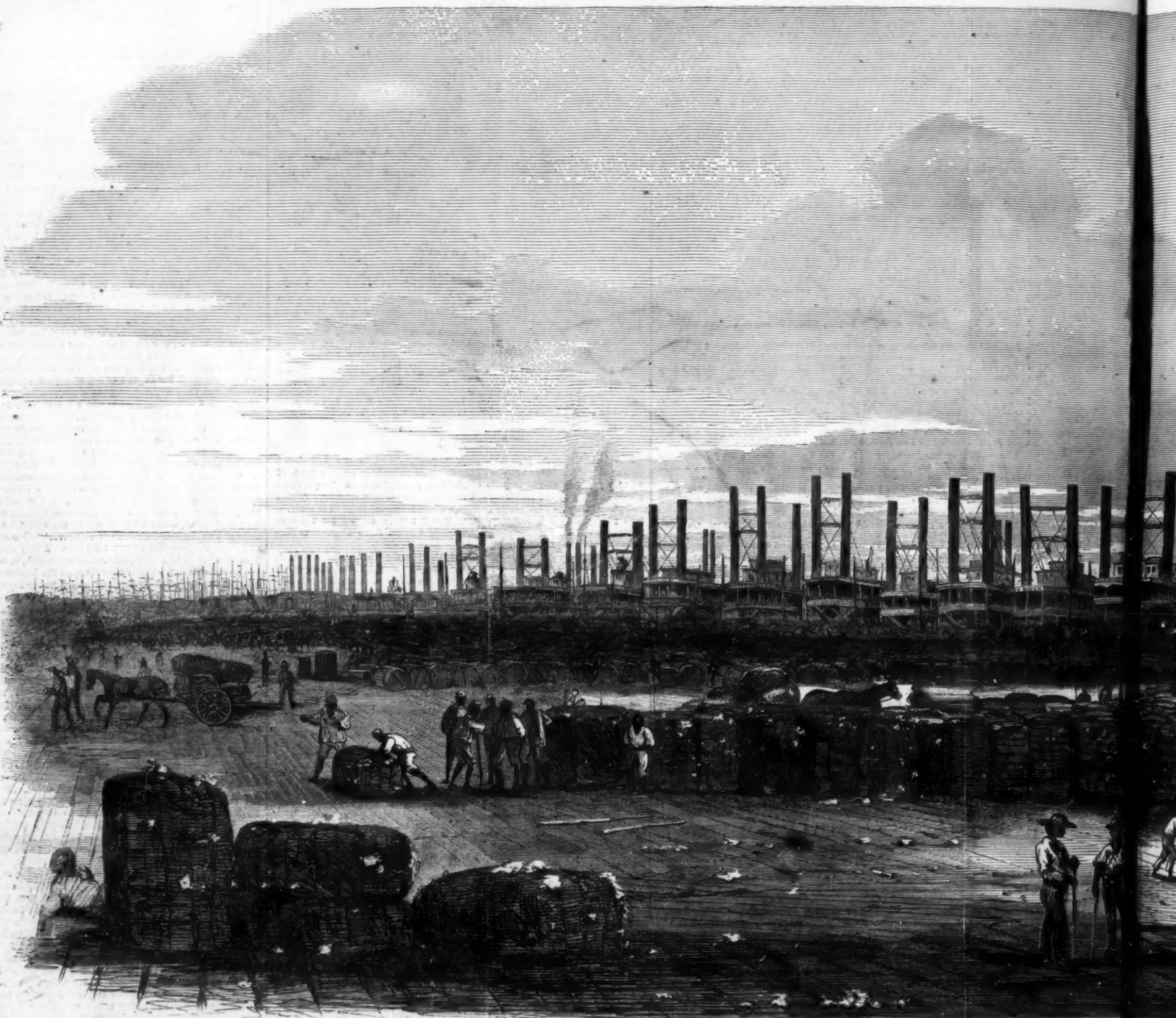
The Winter Garden still blooms with "Evangelina," while the "Poor Young Man" is making a millionaire of the respected lessee of Wallace's Theatre.

At Barnum's the popular C. W. Clark has returned to his dramatic duties, and has organized a company equal to the due performance of any play or farce of the day. The "Heart of Midlothian" has been produced there with great success.

At the Oddfellows' Hall, Hoboken, on Tuesday, that famous band of Minstrels, formerly Woods & Christy's, gave an Ethiopian entertainment under the management of Sylvester Becker. It was loudly applauded by a large audience. The same night the "Jolly Comedians" gave their last performance of the season in River Terrace. The Sir Peter Tootle of Judge Whitley was excellent. Mayor Carpenter was equally good as Charles Surface.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Archbishop Paroli, of Cincinnati, is a clairvoyant of the first quality. He lately collected all the faithful at Cincinnati last week, and read a letter from His Holiness, bitterly complaining of his undutiful children, Louis Napoleon and Victor Emanuel. The congregation passed a resolution denying that the Papal appendages desired to be annexed to Sardinia. How very unfortunate that the votes should be almost unanimously the other way!... John Crimmins was executed on the 30th March, for killing a notorious rowdy named McHenry. This man went into Crimmins's store, abused his wife, and finally attacked him. Crimmins seized a rusty old sword and stabbed the offender several times. Of these wounds he died. It is strange that Governor Morgan did not see redeeming points in this case. The Judge and jury who tried Crimmins recommended the culprit to mercy. Why is not Macdonald, who murdered the girl Stewart, tried? Why make fish of one and flesh of another? Our criminal jurisprudence is very loosely conducted. The worst criminals escape—that is, if they have money.... A most terrible fire happened in Independence, Mo., on the 29th, nearly the entire southern side of the city was destroyed. Damage nearly \$200,000. The Independence Hotel was among the buildings burned.... At a special meeting of the Brooklyn Common Council last week, Alderman Dayton said that the New York Aldermen had been paid \$20,000 for their votes, and that he, Alderman Dayton, had been offered \$10,000 by a member of the Company for his vote. According to this statement, a Brooklyn Alderman is worth five times as much as a New York one.... Cincinnati is becoming as dangerous a place as New York. On Tuesday, the 28th of March, Joseph Stephens and Clement Rossmen were arrested for outraging a German woman, who had inquired the way to a person of that town. Pretending to show her, they enticed her to a lonely spot and then acted more like fiends than men. They will doubtless be hung for their crime, as they most richly deserve to be.... That dangerous infatuation known as love still exists, that is, if we may credit the newspapers at Springfield. There a Mr. Simmonds married a fair creature named Bond, daughter of Colonel Bond, a wealthy planter. The very day after the marriage she ran away with a former suitor named Bloom, in a couple of days she returned to her husband repentant, and the infatuated Simmonds forgave her.... The Wheeling *Intelligencer* gives a comical account of the cruel manner in which a son supplanted his own father. A well-to-do planter informed his son that he was on the point of wedlock for the second time. He took his son to see his intended mother-in-law. The mother-in-law and the young man took a liking to each other, and left the old man in the lurch.... At Caneyville the magistrates have decided that the man who sells liquor is responsible for the acts of the man who drinks it. On the strength of this, a woman sued a tavern-keeper for damages, her husband having broken her arm in a drunken frolic. She proved that her husband had got drunk at this tavern, and the owner had to pay her \$1,500. We quite agree with the New York Times that the man who makes a man drunk is an accomplice, if not the instigator of the crime. A few such verdicts and there will be a great diminution of crime.... Our worthy Mayor should give up his speechifying, and lecture his police. A lady on the 31st, in broad day, dropped a parcel of money, gold, silver and notes, at the corner of Broadway and Chamber street. To her astonishment the hackmen made a scramble for it before her eyes, and dividing the spoil between them, fled—it is supposed to the City Hall, to share with the City Fathers. The *Herald* asks with a childish simplicity truly charming, "Where were the police?"... As a proof how little good the execution of Crimmins had upon the community, his funeral was attended by a large concourse on Sunday from his residence in Pell street to Calvary Cemetery. It was truly a judicial murder.... There were a considerable number of fools made on the 1st of April. A lady, fuller of fun than matrimony, made an engagement to meet a willing and lovesick swain at a certain church in Hoboken, but instead of going sent a note, on which was written, "Dear John—Oh, what an April fool!" It is said that the person was more disappointed than the bridegroom.... Mr. E. B. Hart, our Surveyor, went to Europe last week, to take possession of a fine estate left him by a wealthy German cousin.... Mr. Gibson Peacock, of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, was entertained at a dinner at the La Pierre House last week. Mr. Morton McMichael, of the *North American*, presided. These editorial courtesies are signs of civilization.... Last Thursday Mr. Ward Beecher delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle a lecture called a "Defence of the Union." It was listened to with great attention by a large audience.... Dr. Wolcott Gibbs has been elected to fill the post of Trustee of the Astor Library, vacated by the death of Washington Irving.... The ship carpenters of Buffalo are now on a strike, and we think with good reason. They demand cash for their labor and also a fair equivalent. Now they are obliged to take one-third in cash and the balance in credit at a store. We all know what a swindle the truck system is.... A merchant of the sewing machine persuasion, in New Orleans, was recently severely cowed by one of his employees, a young woman with whom he had been improperly playful. At first she resented his liberties by throwing a sewing machine at his head, which took effect just above the right hip, causing a stitch in his side! Afterwards he belabored him unmercifully with a stinging whip.... The astonishing escapes that drunken men meet with are remarkable. The *Hamilton Spectator* says that a man stupidly drunk was run over by a train on the Great Western Railroad, between Edwardburgh and London. Fortunately for the man the cowcatcher had caught the lower portion of his clothing and tore his coat and trousers almost completely off, and thrust him between the sleepers of the bridge, where he was found wholly uninjured. Not a month since a lady walking on the Newark track was caught by the cowcatcher, and owing to her hoops, was thrown off the rail scarcely bruised. It must be a very long train to penetrate some ladies' diameter.... The carelessness of domestics is becoming quite criminal. A fine little fellow lately fell into a pail of boiling water, and was so severely scalded that he died in an hour. Murder through thoughtlessness is only one degree less criminal than through design.... The Memphis *Archieve* relates the following most remarkable case. A Miss Lawrence, who had been buried nearly five years in a metallic coffin, was lately disinterred. The body was in an excellent state of preservation, the hair, particularly, was very lifelike, and what was more astonishing, a full-blown camellia-japonica, which some affectionate hand had twined in the tresses of the girl, was remarkably fresh-looking, the leaves retaining their soft, greenish hue to perfection.... There is a great demand for wires in Washington Territory. On the 28th of February there was to be a meeting of bachelors to devise ways and means to supply the matrimonial market with a supply of those lively, affectionate and industrious sewing machines called women.... In the Supreme Court of Boston, a new trial was granted in an incendiary case on a very singular grounds. The prisoner, Marshall, had once been in the employ of the party whose premises were fired, and after he left he was heard to utter threats of vengeance of some sort. His employer kept a rather savage watchdog, who always raised a disturbance when any strangers approached by night, and as on the night in question he gave no alarm, the inference of the Government was that it was Marshall who was about the house, he being acquainted with the animal. The Judge allowed this fact to go in as testimony, and the prisoner's counsel took exceptions to the admission of this dumb evidence. The Judge considers that dogs, like figures, cannot lie.... Major Van Dorn, who is stationed on the Upper Indian Frontier, reports a frightful massacre by reserved Comanche Indians upon some settlers. He reports that the whole frontier are in arms.... John Shouffer, of Dayton, Ohio, shot himself last week because he could not afford to get married.... Miss Houston, the beautiful niece of Sheriff Houston, of Greensburg, Pa., destroyed herself on the 28d. After spending a pleasant morning with some friends who had called upon her, she went into the barn and tried to hang herself, but the rope breaking, she cut her throat from ear to ear with a razor. When found she was quite dead. No cause is assigned.... The prisoners of the Miramon pirate steamers have been transferred from the Probic, ship of war, to the city prison of New Orleans. Among them is a Catholic priest. The prisoners are in iron, being treated as pirates and not as prisoners of war.... White and Griffin, two Methodist preachers, were lately shot to death by arrows by the Indians in Texas. They were exhorting them not to steal horses.... Widows and waifs (both of which may be termed wide-awakes) are very dangerous. On Sunday morning at a wake in Hamersley street, the dead man and his sorrowing friends made such a terrible noise that a police man went in to stop the wailing and whistling, this so much enraged one of the mourners that he assailed the policeman, who attempted to take him into custody. The man escaped to the roof, thither the ceremonial guardian of the peace pursued him. Nelliger the noisy, or the Irish wailer, placed two great confidence in the rainwater conductor leading from the roof. The house was three stories high, and he slid down securely a few feet, when the tin conductor suddenly gave way. He struck the foot of a bed and thence rolled into the rear yard. When picked up he was insensible. He was taken to the station-house and his wounds dressed by Police Surgeon Jones. He was removed to the City Hospital. His injuries are mainly internal, and his recovery is deemed exceedingly doubtful. Now for the fair wide-awake in Jersey City. Mrs. Mennan kept a boarding-house, and resided in two boarders who were both in love with her. Last Sunday they both asked her to take a drive to the church shades of 8th Bergen. She said that she did not know which to accept, so her escort. Thereupon they had a fight, one with an unloaded pistol that her escort would not go off, and the other was armed with a meat knife that would not cut. The result of their courting led them to free quarters for the day in the station house, and a reprimand from Recorder Bodfish.



VIEW OF THE FAMOUS LEVEE OF NEW ORLEANS, THE CAPITAL OF LOUISIANA, WHICH COMMENCING 43 MILES BELOW PASSES THROUGH THE FORMER

NEW ORLEANS—VIEWS IN THE CRESCENT CITY—PUBLIC BUILDINGS, &c.

NEW ORLEANS, or the Crescent City, received its former name from the order of the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, while the latter is derived from its bend in the Mississippi river. In many respects New Orleans is regarded as the most attractive city of the United States, especially by those foreigners who are particularly fond of its almost tropical climate, its semi-French tone, its luxuries and pleasures. Its headquarters of those South-Western States whose inhabitants are famous for their hospitable manners, all combine to render New Orleans to the one who visits it the most delightful memories and associations.

Previous to the beginning of the present century, the history of New Orleans was identical with that of France and Spain. It was settled by the French in 1717, and until recently but imperfectly understood genius, John Law. The settlement, however, under the Mississippi scheme, though immense sums were expended, failed to produce the desired results. All possible protection and privilege failed to produce the desired results, because gold and silver were more sought for than crops.

In 1727 New Orleans received a great number of Jesuit priests and Ursuline nuns. It was in 1769 that the first cases of yellow fever occurred—introduced by commerce with the United States began in 1777, and during the following year a vast conflagration. The population of New Orleans in 1785 amounted to 1,000. In 1803 it was one hundred and forty-five thousand four hundred and forty-nine. One hundred and seventy-four were either slaves or "free people of color." Louisiana was conveyed to Spain. Several years elapsed before the new Spanish Government was odious to the French settlers, and so aggressive that our General Government had at one time to use strenuous exertions between the Western people and the Spaniards. New Orleans was recovered in our purchase of Louisiana. Napoleon saw that the loss of this wisely sold it to the growing Yankee Giant before the latter should annex it. It was finally transferred for the valuable consideration of eighty millions of dollars for spoils of our merchant marine.

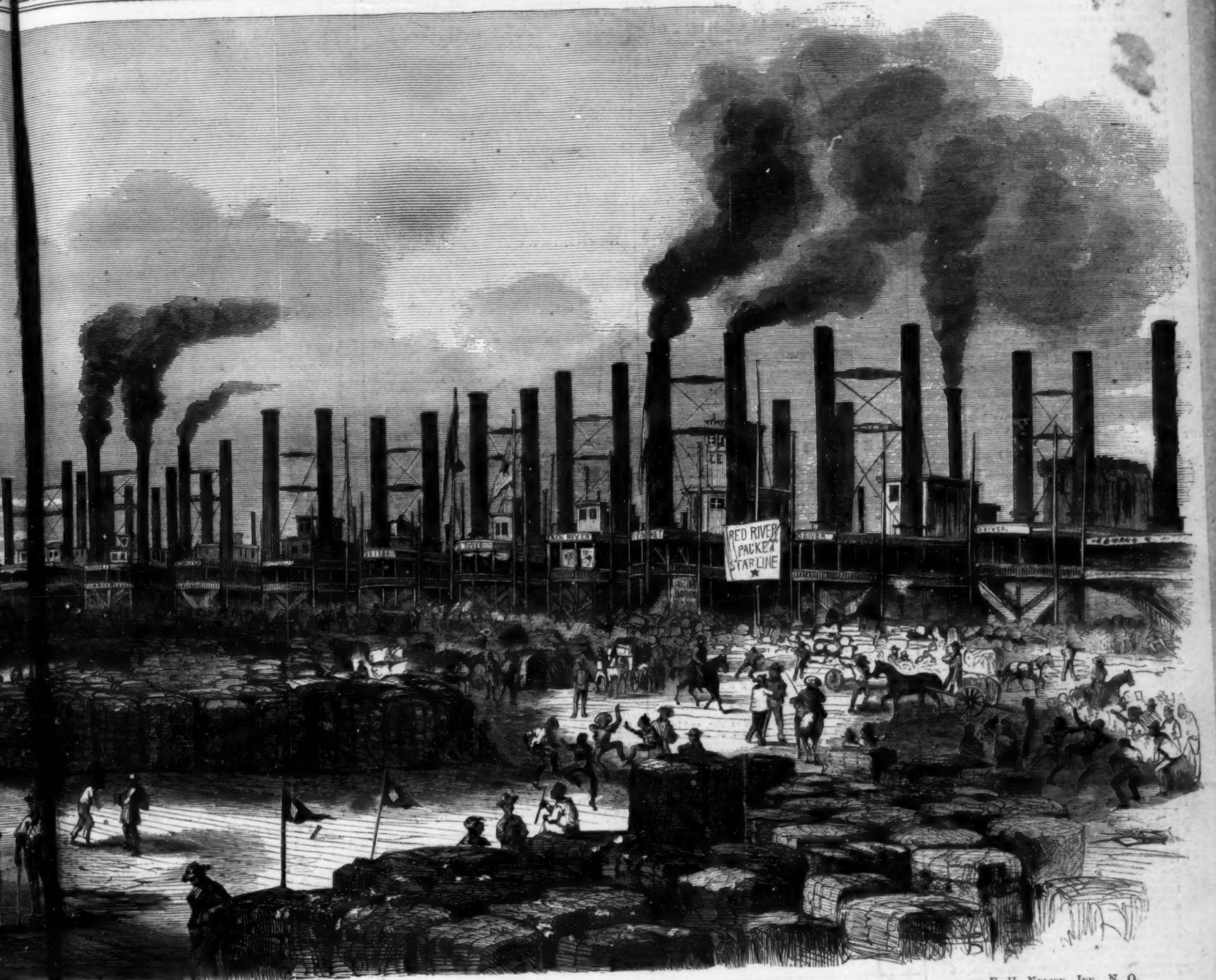
In 1804 New Orleans was incorporated as a city; in 1805 it became a city of its passing under "American" Government, its progress was more than doubling within seven years. It was on January 8, 1815, that the battle of New Orleans occurred. It was on that day that General Pakenham approached the city by chartrain, and was defeated by General Jackson. The loss of the enemy at nearly three thousand, that of the Americans at only seven killed and the Treaty of Ghent, and especially after the introduction of steam navigation, the progress of New Orleans became indeed rapid. And it is now extremely probable that this country shall contain, as is confidently anticipated, one or two hundred cities of the size of New Orleans. Orleans will share with our other principal seaports the boast of rivaling the cities of ancient and modern times.

The city of New Orleans is not less peculiar in its topographical than in its position. It lies marshy ground, some three or four feet below the level of the river, and is called the "Father of Rivers." To prevent the city from being flooded, an embankment has been raised, extending one hundred and twenty miles above the city. The embankment is about fifteen feet wide and six high, its top forming a levee. Changes in the current of the river, such vast deposits of alluvial soil have been made, that it has been necessary to build out wharves from fifty to one hundred feet into the river.

(Continued on page 316.)



THE MUSEUM—The three friends look into the Café Greco, the cavernous of Rome.—SEE PAGE 205.



...OUGH ... FORMING ITS CHIEF BUSINESS DEPOT, AND EXTENDS 143 MILES ABOVE, ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—PHOTOGRAPHER BY E. H. NELSON, JUN., N. O.

CITY—MOUS LEVEE—
... & C.

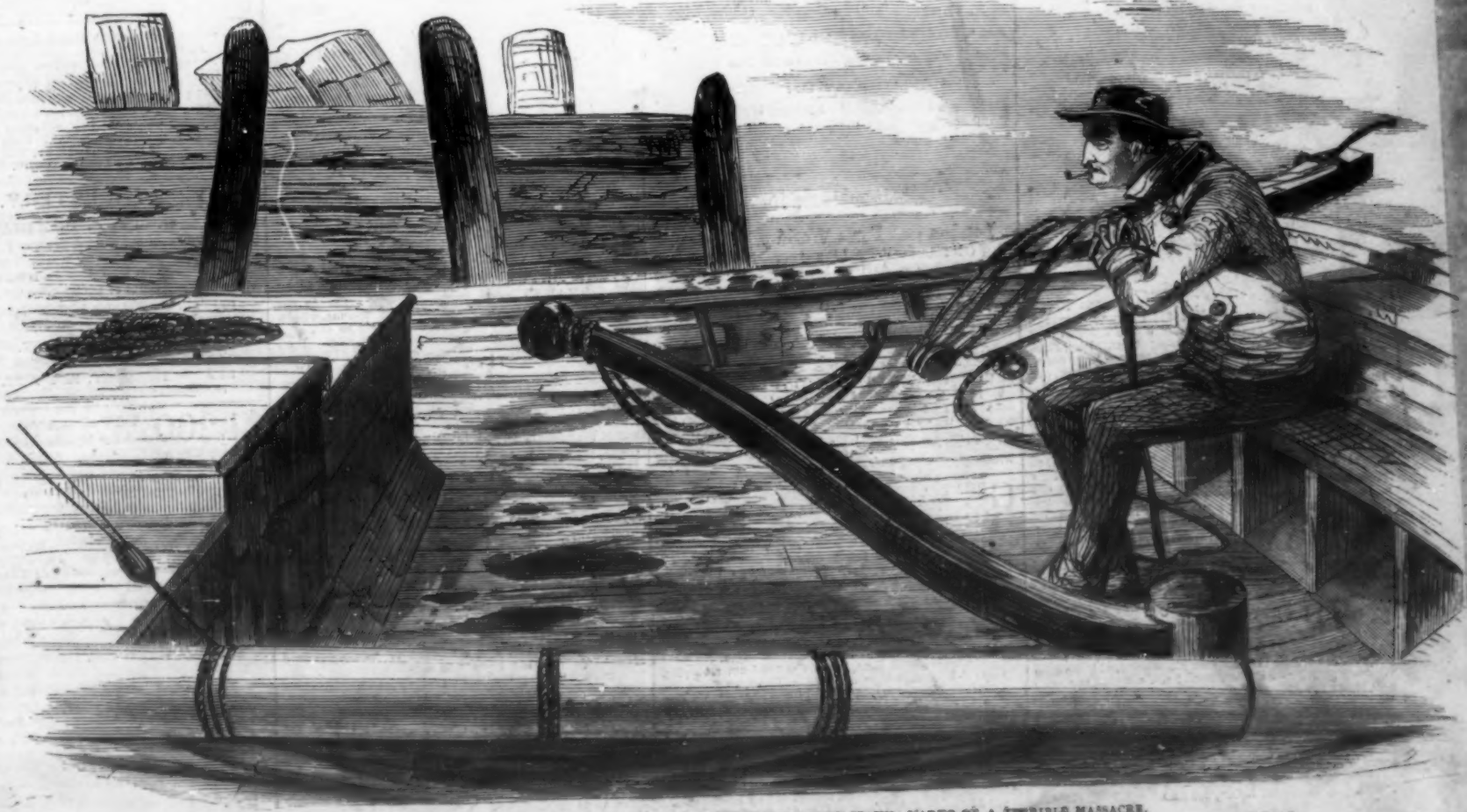
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fifty to one hundred the Mississippi.
(315.)



VIEW OF THE DECK OF THE SLOOP E. A. JOHNSON, SHOWING THE BLOOD STAINS, MARKS OF A TERRIBLE MASSACRE.

NEW ORLEANS.
Continued from page 806.

Here, too, the Levee has been enlarged to a great extent, and an additional row of warehouses erected. The old city proper, originally laid out by the French, is in the form of a parallelogram, one thousand three hundred and twenty yards long, and seven hundred yards wide. Its streets are well paved and broad, one of them, Canal street, being one hundred and ninety and a half feet in width, with a grass bed in the middle twenty-five feet wide, running its entire length. Its houses are of brick, and without cellars, owing to the marshy nature of the soil. Many of them in the suburbs are beautifully surrounded by magnolia, orange and other Southern trees. Its squares, particularly Congo, Jackson and Lafayette, are very handsomely laid out. Of the thirty-five or forty churches many are large and costly structures. The new Episcopal church on Canal street, the Presbyterian church opposite Lafayette square, and St. Patrick's on Camp street, are all graceful edifices, the latter being a conspicuous object when approaching the city from the river. From our view the reader forms an accurate idea of the Levee during the busy season, when vast numbers of steamboats are gathered before it discharging cotton or receiving cargoes. At such a time the animation of the scene is something truly wonderful. The active work going on, the cries of the negroes at their work, the goods piled up or being moved over the planking which here extends to the river, and the mixture of different languages which are heard, or of people which are seen, tend to give it a character unlike anything of the kind to be seen in the world. Liverpool, Marseilles, New York and even Oriental cities are all recalled to the traveller's mind by the busy confusion of this Southern American port.

(To be continued)

Missing Man.

We publish this week a portrait of Alonzo Plum, from a photograph furnished us by his relatives. He left Blissfield, Lenawee county, Mich., on the 11th of March, 1859, since which time nothing has been heard of him. He left with the intention of proceeding to Kansas, and should any one in that region recognize the portrait, and know anything of the man or his whereabouts, they are earnestly requested to forward such information to this office.

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JAMES FLOY, J. PORTER,
DANIEL WISE, J. BENJ. EDWARDS,
000 DAVID THURY, WM. A. COX.



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Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. 228-31

A Cure for Scarlet Fever,

MEASLES, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, MUMPS, SMALL-POX, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, AND OTHER MALIGNANT DISEASES.

DR. RADWAY'S METHOD OF CURE.

The universal success that has attended the administration of RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS AND READY RELIEF, in the prevention and cure of the above-named malignant disorders, induces us to recommend the immediate use of these Medicines in all cases where the above-named maladies exist.

Dr. FREDERICK B. PAGE, a distinguished physician in Mississippi, has met with great success with RADWAY'S PILLS AND READY RELIEF in the treatment of Scarlet Fever, Measles, and other malignant fevers.

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Dr. JAMES W. STEWART, a practicing physician in Louisiana, under a letter dated January 2d, 1858, states that in all cases of Scarlet Fever, Measles, Croup, Whooping Cough—and even smallpox—he has always succeeded in saving the lives of his patients by administering Radway's Pills and Ready Relief.

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W. H. BURTON, of Medora, Alabama, writes under date of March 31st, 1856: "There is a large quantity of your Ready Relief and Regulatng Pills used here for Scarlet Fever, Smallpox, Measles and Mumps. I have heard of several cases of the former diseases that were cured by your medicines, and have witnessed their curative effects in Mumps."

Directions for the use of Radway's Pills and Ready Relief accompany each bottle and box.

As a Preventive.—If you will use the READY RELIEF AND REGULATING PILLS as directed, you may visit the most infected places and escape without an attack.

So with Smallpox, Measles, Typhus and Ship Fevers. Radway's Relief will protect you against the most subtle of these infectious poisons. Radway & Co.'s Medical Office, 23 John St., New York. Dr. Radway's Medicines are sold by Druggists everywhere. 218-30

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THIS PIPE CANNOT SMOKE, DRIP OR COME APART, IS CHEAP, PERFECTLY SAFE AND CONVENIENT.

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And beauty draws us with a single hair."

TO PRESERVE THE HAIR in a beautiful and natural color, use BOGLE'S PREMIUM ELECTRIC HAIR DYE; to restore it in bald places, and to keep it in a fine, healthy condition, use BOGLE'S HYPERION FLUID, which leaves the hair soft, silky and glossy; and to preserve and beautify the complexion, BOGLE'S BALM OF CYPRUS is unsurpassed. For sale by all Druggists, and the proprietor, W. BOGLE, Boston. 223-35av

359. UPHOLSTERY. 359.

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WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

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GROCERS AND FRUIT HOUSES.

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GRAND BALL OF THE RAINBOW FIRE COMPANY TO CELEBRATE THEIR EIGHTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY, AT KEYSTONE HALL, BRADING, PA., MARCH 16, 1860.—SEE PAGE 308.



FISHING UP ARTICLES FROM THE CABIN OF THE SLOOP SPRAY, ON BOARD WHICH IT IS SUPPOSED THAT CAPT. LEWIS AND HIS BROTHER WERE MURDERED BY THE CHINAMAN JACKALOW.—SEE PAGE 304.

APRIL FOOLS.

By Pierce Fungent.

COME, little child, and listen now—
I only speak the truth to-day—
Sorrow will never cloud thy brow,
Life is but one long game of play;
It has no lessons—there's no school—
All's cake and candy! APRIL FOOL!

Lover, a word aside with you,
Fair Julia lives but in your smile,
She is the truest of the true,
Charming, yet pure—devoid of guile—
Her heart to all the world is cool—
She loves but you. OH, APRIL FOOL!

Poet, the world awaits thy song;
Give your great thoughts to human kind;
Around thy brow the admiring throng
The laurel wreath will surely bind!
Thou art the founder of a school
Of noble bards! OH, APRIL FOOL!

Philosopher, thy words are gold,
They sow the mind with seeds of truth;
Thy name, among the wise enrolled,
Will be the guiding star of youth!
Worshipp'd by unborn millions, who'll
Read all thy works. OH, APRIL FOOL!

Statesman, thy aims and ends are vast,
Thy foresight wondrous and profound;
The system thou hast built will last,
And ages prove it still more sound.
The human race is but the tool
To work thy will. OH, APRIL FOOL!

Warrior, thy deeds of blood are great;
Merchant, thy ploddings merit praise;
Parson, who preach the future state,
Ye very much improve our ways;
Patriots, who for your country fall,
Oh! ye are great—FOOLS, ONE AND ALL!

Stern Satirist, who bares the heart,
And one by one each thought dissects;
Then, having scattered life apart,
Sneers at the subject of thy text;
Thou art of human kind the ghoul,
That ransacks graves—GRIM APRIL FOOL.

Christian, thy struggle now is done—
The woes of earth have passed away;
Heaven, with its never-setting sun,
Awaits thee with its cloudless day.
Thou'st ever loved the golden rule
Of truth—thou art NO APRIL FOOL.

BALL OF THE RAINBOW FIRE COMPANY, AT
KEYSTONE HALL, READING, PA.

THE Rainbow Fire Company, No. 1, of Reading, was organized March 17th, 1773. The first President of the Company was the Hon. Peter S. Hohn; the oldest member now living is the Hon. John Printz, who has been a member of the company since 1790. This company was in active service from 1773 to 1852, when it was put out of service until February 19th, 1853, when it resumed its labors, and has continued in service since that date. The Rainbow Fire Company has at the present time over one hundred and fifty members, active and contributing. In the fall of 1856 the Rainbow Fire Company made an excursion to Philadelphia, and was received as the guests of the Good Intent Fire Company of Philadelphia, and participated in the Annual Firemen's Parade. They also assisted on the 15th of October, 1859, in the General Fire Parade of the City of Reading. They extended an invitation to the Good Intent Steam Fire Company of Philadelphia, which, as is accepted, and the company was present with their handsome steam fire engine.

The hall of the Rainbow Fire Company, which we illustrate, was given on the occasion of the eighty-seventh anniversary of the formation of the company, at the Keystone Hall Reading, on the night of the 16th ult. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and the attendance was large. The city band was present, and enlivened the festivities with their excellent music. Among the pleasing incidents of the evening was the presentation of a Card of Thanks, enclosed in an elegant gilt frame, from the Good Intent Fire Company of Philadelphia to the Rainbow for their kind entertainment during the visit of the former to that city at the Firemen's Parade last October. The card was presented by S. P. Fearon, Esq., Chief Engineer of the Philadelphia Fire Department, and received, on behalf of the Rainbow Company, by Mr. L. L. Noyes.

The present officers of the Rainbow Fire Company No. 1, of the City of Reading are as follows: M. P. Boyer, Esq., President; A. M. Seidie, Vice-President; J. B. Sanders, Secretary; S. V. R. Hill, Assistant Secretary; F. W. Berg, Corresponding Secretary; G. L. House, Treasurer.

THE MYSTERY;

OR, THE

GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH.

Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"AND what think you of artist life in Rome?" demanded Ernest, as they emerged into the Corso, after quitting the Doric Palace.

"We have seen nothing of it yet," replied his friends.

The young painter regarded them somewhat reproachfully.

"We waited for our guide," observed Oliver—"our cicero."

"And I thought you would seek him," said the youth. "We have been three mistaken. I ought to have known that you would never have discovered me, unless by some such lucky accident as this morning's."

"Again!" interrupted our hero.

"No," answered Ernest. "Your frank and unhesitating recognition of me in the palace of one of Rome's greatest nobles has quite removed that supposition from my mind. I have been too susceptible."

"Where are you residing?" he asked.

"At Innocenti's Piazza del Espana."

"And I in the Via Condotti!" exclaimed the painter—"we shall be neighbors as well as friends. My father has quitted the Casa Inglesi, as our farm is called, and taken a house in Rome for the winter. I have a studio—a whole studio to myself. Philip is with me: I cannot tell how happy it has made me!"

"And Haro?" inquired Oliver.

"And Haro," repeated the youth. "It would have been cruel to have left the noble dog behind me. You cannot imagine how much he is admired. The first time I walked with him in the Jardino Borghese every one turned to look at him. The Prince Aldobrandini wanted to purchase him—offered a large sum for him."

"Which you refused?" said Phil.

"How could I tell him when he is so attached to me?" replied Ernest—"it would have been like parting with a friend. Possibly,

however," he added, laughingly, "I may make money by him yet."

"On canvas?"

"Exactly. I have painted him."

His two companions expressed a strong desire to see the picture, and agreed to proceed at once to the residence of the elder Austin, which proved to be a large old-fashioned house they had frequently observed in passing down the Via Condotti to the Corso. At the summons of his young master, Philip, no longer clad in goatskins, but in a suit of plain livery, threw open the grated door.

The honest fellow smiled as he recognized his fellow-countryman.

"Is my father within?" demanded Ernest.

"In the salons," replied the attached servant, in a tone which seemed to say, "We, too, have a saloon. Shall I announce the signori?"

"We can announce ourselves," said Ernest, gaily.

The smile of friendly recognition which his two companions bestowed upon the metamorphosed herdsman scarcely consoled him for the disappointment. In the pride of the change, he would like to have proved to them, practically, that it was not the first time he had worn a livery, or announced visitors to his master.

The young painter led them through several lofty apartments, of noble proportions, but scantily furnished, even for a Roman residence, to what the solitary domestic, with a poetical licence his fidelity rendered pardonable, designated the saloon. In an English house it would, in all probability, have been christened "The Den," being just that out-of-the-way kind of room, filled with all sorts of odds and ends, which an Englishman, who has a wife and family, is sometimes permitted to reserve to himself; a sanctum where he may growl undisturbed over Christmas bills, and other paterfamilial annoyances, and possibly smoke the calumet of consolation in solitude.

The husband who is allowed to have his den ought never to complain. What can the man want more?

The elder Austin received the young men with that quiet, simple courtesy, which, without profession or effort, at once places the visitor at his ease, and assures him he is welcome. He made no allusion to the circumstances which had induced him to quit the Casa Inglesi, and take up his abode in the Eternal City, but began at once to question them on the impressions they had received in Rome.

"Impossible to describe them," answered our hero; "they are too varied to be analysed; it would be the task of a life: grandeur and meanness, beauty and deformity, are so strangely mingled. Frequently I ask myself, are these the descendants of the world's masters? and doubt whether the deeds of their forefathers are not fables, till I regard the imperishable monuments they have bequeathed as witnesses of their power."

"Yes," he added, "the people who erected the Colosseum, the Pantheon, and the aqueducts, must have been great."

"And free," said the father of Ernest, emphatically.

"And free," repeated Oliver, startled at the sudden flash from the dark eyes of the speaker.

"How I should like to see him without his beard," he mentally ejaculated, as his thoughts reverted to the portrait of a Buckingham Hall.

As for Phil, he made no allusion to his impressions, the only ones he had received had glanced from his brain to his heart, and rested there.

"And society?" said Mr. Austin, "its tone and character?"

"I should rather say that society in Rome is characterized by the absence of both," observed our hero, modestly. "I have never heard a single subject discussed, or a remark worth remembering, in the circles I have been introduced to. But what strikes me as most singular is that, in the home of art, art is never spoken of."

The Englishman smiled.

"It is because Rome is its shrine—its very temple, that men feel, but rarely speak of art. Before the *chefs d'œuvre* of Greece and Italy, criticism stands bewildered, and admiration is hushed to silence. Your Spaniard gazes upon them with a deep religious awe, amounting almost to worship. The native of a southern clime rarely reasons—he only feels. Your fair-haired German reflects, tries to analyse, and returns to his land of dreams with impressions of beauty he can never realize. Even your Frenchman, so loquacious and self-satisfied, becomes silent. The reason of all this is plain," he added, "artists of art in their own land, they find themselves mere pigmies here."

"And the Englishman, father!" exclaimed Ernest; "you have not named him."

"Your Englishman," replied his parent, "generally dines on his impressions, and digests them with his wine."

The young enthusiast looked terribly disappointed.

"Is not the passionate love of that boy for a land he has never seen most extraordinary?" continued the speaker. "I can only account for it with the poet. 'The unknown is always magnificent.'"

"It is still his country," observed Oliver.

"And yours, father, yours," added his son.

Mr. Austin smiled sadly, and the conversation dropped.

Before taking their departure, the young painter conducted his friends to his studio, which, strange to say, proved to be the best furnished room in the house. The peculiar tastes of its occupant had evidently presided over the arrangement.

Views of English scenery—many of them common-place prints—were pasted on the walls; here and there were unframed sketches, casts of statues from the antique, fragments of shattered capitals, mingled with the miscellaneous collection of odds and ends which have a value from association, and are priceless to the imaginative heart of genius.

The whole harmonised well with the antique furniture, bits of armor, and heavy velvet curtains—which in all probability had served in their days of splendor to adorn the porch of one of the numerous Roman churches, or the palace of some prince or cardinal upon *fertile* days.

But what most attracted the attention of the visitors was a picture nearly finished upon the easel. It represented their own arrival at the Casa Inglesi; each figure was a portrait, admirably painted, and strikingly like, considering that it had been done from memory.

"There is dear old Peter Marl!" exclaimed Phil.

"And the major," added his friend, pointing to the portrait of his guardian.

"I am glad you are pleased with it," said Ernest, with a glow of satisfaction, "since it is intended for you."

"For us?"

"Yes. There is a custom in Rome amongst our students, every one paints a picture for his friend; that is how I became possessed of so many sketches. They are mostly as you perceive, by different hands."

"I must pay," he added, gracefully, "the tribute I have received."

"I find but one fault in your picture," observed Oliver.

The artist looked disappointed.

"You have not done justice to yourself," continued the speaker—"posed the best figure on the canvas in the background. And is this exquisite sketch really intended for us?"

"When its companion is finished," replied Ernest—"one for each of you."

His friends simply thanked him. They knew that to have hinted at payment would have wounded his proud and sensitive spirit; but each mentally resolved to devise some means through which he might not be a loser by his liberality.

On passing up the Via Condotti, the three friends looked into the Café Greco, the caravansera of Rome. Within its dirty, smoke-stained walls may be found artists, sculptors and students of every nation, from the smooth-faced Englishman to the bearded German.

The author has frequently met Gibson and Thorwaldsen in the close, stifling room at the back. The place, although neither inviting nor remarkable in its appearance, and offering no one advantage over the numerous cafés in the neighborhood, but losing rather by the contrast, has attained almost historical celebrity by the distinguished artists who frequent it. There Horace Vernet, when President of the French Academy might be found, evening after evening, using his sketch-book. Gibson still haunts it; and there are few English artists who have visited Rome but retain a pleasant recollection of the hours they have spent there.

As soon as the smoke had sufficiently disappeared to enable the new-comers to distinguish faces, they observed a tall and rather elegant Italian, about their own age, whose dress denoted the struggle between poverty and pride—we mean that honest pride which fights its battle stoutly with the world—displaying a portfolio of drawings on a table where several foreigners were seated.

Once or twice his countenance flushed as they gazed at the price.

Evidently they were speculating on his necessities.

As soon as the bargain was concluded, Ernest pronounced the name of Carlo, and held out his hand to him.

There was something delightful in the bright, sunny smile that lit the care-worn features of the artist, as he recognized his friend. Hastily gathering up his drawings, he came over to him, and seated himself at the table.

"Have you been successful?" demanded his brother-artist.

"Inglesi!" replied the youth, with a shrug which spoke volumes.

It is a melancholy truth that the majority of Englishmen patronise art only when it no longer needs their patronage. Few seek genius in the obscure and poor; it must receive the stamp of Fashion to give it value in their eyes, then they are as lavish in their admiration as they have previously been cold in their neglect.

The character of Carlo is not an imaginary one, and yet all that romance ever conceived of the strange and improbable would not exceed the real history of the poor painter, whom we once knew in Rome. We have seen him selling his drawings at the cafés of Rome, and afterwards recognised as one of her princes.

But we must not anticipate his adventures, and have only made the foregoing observations that our readers may not forget the pale-faced painter in the crowd of characters destined to pass like figures in the camera before their mental sight.

Ernest glanced at his companions.

"Never mind our presence," observed Oliver, speaking in Italian; "we can bear the truth."

"Poor Carlo," said their friend, "is something of a cynic in his temper, but his heart is large and noble as his genius; he is an orphan, self-taught and self-sustained. You have no idea," he added, "what the last implies in Rome."

Phil expressed a desire to look over his portfolio. It was somewhat reluctantly produced, for, with the natural delicacy of a sensitive mind, the poor fellow did not like to obtrude his merchandise, as he somewhat bitterly designated his drawings, upon the companions of his friend.

They consisted chiefly of views in the neighborhood of Rome, Frascati, Tivoli and the Campagna, with an occasional sketch of groups of figures, copied from nature—the peasant of Albano, the capucin, and the sturdy goatherd of the hills.

They were freely executed, like the productions of one who worked *con amore* at his task, and the price distinctly marked upon the back of each.

Drawing after drawing was carefully examined and laid aside by Oliver and Phil, till the sum amounted to thirty scudi, which they quietly handed to him.

"For me?" exclaimed the astonished Italian, his eyes sparkling with joy.

Our hero, who had pencilled down the various amounts on the back of a letter, handed him a list to prove that it was correct.

A tear glistened in the eye of Carlo—he was known at that time by no other name—as he thanked them.

"On the contrary, it is I that ought to be grateful for the opportunity of obtaining so delightful a *souvenir* of my travels in Italy," observed the young Englishman.

"And of performing a generous action," added Ernest, speaking in English, "which I suspect is a still greater satisfaction."

Gathering up their purchases, the three youths quitted the Café Greco.

Love is the only rival to whom friendship yields its claims without a murmur or considering its rights impaired. Phil became so absorbed by his passion for Bianca, that, but for the society of his new friend, our hero would have felt himself solitary and deserted. As a natural consequence, they frequented the same circles; wherever the major and his wards visited, the young painter was introduced; and the desire, the dream of his boyhood was realised.

He was recognised as an Englishman amongst Englishmen.

For several days Phil had observed an unusual expression of care upon the features of the poor girl to whom he had given his heart; it clouded her beauty like a shadow, and at times seemed to haunt her like a terror.

Anxiously as he desired to learn the cause, he found himself compelled to restrain his impatience. The occasions of speaking with her in private were so few, and in the crowded saloons of the Roman nobility where they met, the jealous eyes of Cimitelli were fixed continually upon them, watching every word and movement.

It was in vain that the irritated lover sought to pick a quarrel with his rival—for such he divined him. For reasons known best to the Venetian, he carefully avoided every occasion of giving him offence, even while his conduct was most offensive to Bianca. Each time he passed her on the Corso, in the ball-room, or encountered her in the church (for he haunted her steps like her shadow), he bowed and smiled ironically.

Phil could not comprehend it. He felt that he was beginning to hate him.

At his first request for an explanation, the persecuted girl began to weep.

"My name," she murmured, "the name of my father, hitherto without stain, is at the mercy of that man."

Her lover regarded her with speechless astonishment.

Bianca perceived it, pride flashed through her tears, and dried them.

"Do you doubt me?" she coldly asked.

"No," replied the young Englishman. "How is it possible that I should doubt where I have given my heart?"

"Then I have one sorrow the less," she observed.

"My surprise arose from utter inability to divine the circumstance that can place a reputation, which I believe as pure as virtue's self—for to doubt it were to doubt of Heaven—at the mercy of Cimitelli."

"You forget I have a brother," answered Bianca, reproachfully.

"Alfred?"

"He is in Rome, in an obscure retreat, not daring to present himself at the palace of his uncle lest it might compromise the kind old man. Three days since I ventured—foolishly, perhaps, but my heart urged me—to visit him at the hour of the Angelus. I imagined my disguise impenetrable, but my persecutor recognized me—followed me."

"Now?" she added, "you can understand it all."

"The unmanly villain!" exclaimed her lover. "This, then, is the explanation of the insolent look with which he dares to regard you—his ironical smiles and bows. They shall cease, Bianca; never fear but they shall cease."

"Do not risk a quarrel on my account."

"You have bestowed your love upon me," observed the youth, in a tone of manly tenderness, "and that gives me the right to interfere. But where is Alfred? I must see him—impart to him my happiness. Surely," he added, "his brother's home may prove a more fitting residence than the obscure lodging you allude to?"

At the word brother the cheeks of Bianca became covered with blushes.

"I knew that you would make the generous offer," she replied; "but it would be certain ruin to accept it. You know not the land on which we exist—for only freedom lives—or the subtlety of its rulers."

"There is not a hotel in Rome free from the spies of the police. Were Alfred only to visit you, he would be tracked—denounced."

"Surely, his uncle's influence—"

"It would be in vain!" interrupted the fair Italian, greatly agitated. "The government of Rome must give him up to the demand of Austria; it is bound by treaty to do so. All this has been explained to me by one whose affection I have never doubted."

"My brother," she added, in a whisper, "is concealed in the house of one of the Carbonari."

"Then Cimitelli is doubly a villain!" exclaimed Phil, indignantly; "since he himself is a member of the order, and doubtless acquainted with the fact of his presence in Rome. I must see Alfred."

"Impossible."

"Why so?"

"Because you are not of the initiated," answered Bianca. "Even I," she continued, "his sister, was sworn to conceal his abode by the monk who brought me the intelligence of his arrival."

"I, too, can take the oath," observed her lover, thoughtfully; "my sympathies have long been deeply interested in the wrongs of Italy. Why should my energies remain passive? I have never forgotten the words of an extraordinary mendicant whom I encountered twice at Milan."

"What were they?"

"Rome is the mother of nations, and Italy is my country," answered Phil, repeating them.

At this instant Louis Napoleon and his brother, who were present at the ball, passed the alcove where the speakers were standing. Both, in addition to the silver cravat, marks of their princely birth, wore openly upon their breasts a broad, party colored ribbon.

It was the tri-color of Italy.
"Guardarsi (beware)!" whispered Louis, as he exchanged a nod of friendly recognition with the gentleman.

Phil looked around the saloon, and saw Cimitelli standing with a group of idlers, evidently watching him. Offering his arm to Bianca, he led her to the sofa where the Countess Belgioso and the Princess Barberini were seated, and, bowing gravely, left her under their charge, without heeding the imploring looks which warned him to act prudently.

On returning to the spot the Roman nobles were still there, but the Venetian had disappeared. Burning with indignation, he searched the entire suite of rooms without success.

His rival had quitted the palazzo.
The Count Cimitelli had seen enough to convince him that the moment for decision had arrived, unless he wished to see the prize he sighed for carried off by the young Englishman. To propose to Bianca, he divined, would be useless; but he was not without hopes of interesting her uncle in his favor. He had high birth and wealth—advantages in forming an alliance quite as important in Italy as in England.

Added to these, he had another means to influence the cardinal—a known partisan of Austria, but who, like other men in the agitated times in which he lived, too frequently found his feelings and affections in opposition to his political convictions.

"Your offer," said his eminence, when the suitor had explained the object of his visit, "doubtless does honor to my niece; but why make it through me? I am not her guardian."

"Since the exile of her brother, you are her nearest male relative in Italy," observed the count, respectfully.

"True, but Bianca has a mother."

"Who I fear has conceived a prejudice against me," replied the Venetian. "The countess is devout, and women sometimes judge the excesses of youth with less indulgence than their confessors. My name and fortune—"

"Are unexceptionable. Admitted."

"They are not the only advantages I am prepared to offer."

The prince of the Church regarded him seriously.

"To one of a less elevated position," continued the speaker, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "or whose opinions were unknown, I might hesitate to speak with that frankness which leaves no mental reserve."

"I do not comprehend you," said his reverence.

"You are attached to the Church?"

The cardinal silently pointed to his robe.

"And its government?"

"To both."

"I can serve both. I scarcely need inform a member of the Sacred College that a vast conspiracy exists to overturn the government, not only in the Legations, but in Rome itself. Desperate men have sworn to accomplish this; their plans are deeply and widely laid, but as yet the police have found no clue to guide them in their search."

"True, count," observed his hearer, calmly.

"I can give it," added the suitor for the hand of his niece; "place in the hands of the Papal authorities the means of crushing the insurrection in its shell—of arresting the chiefs."

"And for this service you expect a recompense?" said Cardinal Doria.

"Yes."

"The hand of my niece?"

"Yes."

"No other?"

"None."

"Permit me also to impress upon your eminence that such a union would not be without its advantages to the family of Bianca. If Austria is proverbially ungrateful, she is not without prudence. An arrangement might be made to assure the pardon of her brother, who, I have reason to believe, has most imprudently quitted his asylum in Switzerland to league himself with the fortunes of desperate men."

Not a muscle of the aged prince's countenance moved as he listened to this startling intelligence, which wrung his heart, for he loved his noble, persecuted nephew. The danger which threatened him decided him on acting a part he might otherwise have hesitated to have undertaken.

"Count Cimitelli," he said, "it is not to be supposed that a cardinal of the holy Roman Church can be the means of communicating your offers to the Holy Father of the Sacred College. It suits not with his position."

His visitor began to feel uneasy.

"But he can place you in communication with one who may fittingly undertake the task."

"Does your eminence know him?"

"Yes."

"And his principles?"

"Perfectly. As well as one human being can answer for another's, I can answer for his."

A close observer might have detected a slight tone of irony in the words of the speaker, as he gave this last assurance to the count. The latter, however, although so deeply interested in testing his sincerity, did not detect it. Passion and jealousy had blinded him.

"To-morrow," continued the speaker, "seek Father Isadore. I will prepare him for your visit. Impart the information to him; but as you value the prize you seek, or, what is more important, your life—to no other."

"And my reward?"

"Depends upon your success," replied the prelate. "Should you prove able to fulfil all you have promised, the hand of Bianca Belgioso—if my influence can obtain it for you—shall be yours."

Cardinal Doria was known in Rome not only as a man of unblemished honor, but a religious observer of his word; and Cimitelli felt satisfied with the pledge he had given. Upon the strength of it he was ready to sacrifice his friends, and the cause which, in a moment of pique rather than conviction, he had sworn, if necessary, to sacrifice his life for.

It is astonishing how strangely, and when they least expect it, some men keep the promises they have rashly made.

It proved so with the Venetian.

The look the young Englishman had given him when leading Bianca from the alcove, and the search he had evidently made for him, sufficiently warned Cimitelli of his purpose—of picking a quarrel and provoking a duel with him. This he determined to prevent. Assassination is easier than fighting. Instruments for such a crime are readily to be met with in the capital of the Christian world; and the steps of the Piazza d'Hispania is the spot where they are generally to be met with.

Obviously they exist by begging.

The infamous bargain was soon made, and, for a hundred scudi, two of the most noted ruffians of Rome undertook to rid him of his rival. The sum was a moderate one. But then Phil was an Englishman; and, despite their generosity and lavish expenditure, Englishmen are not popular with the lower classes of Italians.

As the count descended the steps after the whispered conference had taken place, Beppo, or, as he is more frequently called, the Torso, from having lost his legs, the well-known king of the beggars, extended his hand to him.

His noble compeer waved his forefinger twice. Few mendicants persevere after that form of refusal.

"Cospetto," muttered his ragged majesty; "the Taccagno—the Spilorceria. Baptiste," he added, suddenly checking himself, "what did the Nercante want with you?"

"Only to purchase the life of an Englishman."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE members of the Bonaparte family were wise in their generation. During the elevation of the extraordinary man who not only reigned over the noblest portion of Europe, but disposed of crowns, his mother, uncle, brothers and sisters all contrived to secure not only the means of existence, but splendor against the day of misfortune—which most of them seem to have anticipated, especially Madame Letitia, who, when reproached for her parsimony, replied:

"Who knows how soon I may have all these kings and queens upon my hands?"

In Italy the name of Napoleon was something more than a tradition—a principle and a power, for his despotism had been an enlightened one, and much is forgiven to genius. Men writhing under oppression whispered it in secret as the spell that was one day to break their chains. True, the modern Prometheus had expired upon his rock, but his nephews lived, and on them the hopes of the liberal party in the Romagna were fixed.

No wonder, therefore, that the presence in Rome of the sons of

Hortense was regarded with suspicion and uneasiness by the papal government.

As the nephews of a member of the Sacred College, they could not, with any show of decency, have been ordered out of Rome; the authorities must have given a reason for such a step; and hitherto no overt act had been committed.

Rome is not easily baffled, especially when a secret is to be obtained, and the present one nearly affected her safety. The proceedings of the princes were carefully watched; in society every word they uttered noted and reported; indeed, so perfect was the system of espionage established around them, that the palace of Cardinal Fesch was merely a protection to their persons. The wily prelate probably knew this, for he never compromised himself by the slightest allusion to their projects, but affected to ignore them.

How far he assisted them with his purse will never be known; we suspect not largely; for his Eminence, like his sister, Madame Letitia, was exceedingly fond of money, and parted with it reluctantly.

No reliance can be placed upon the public acts and letters of the Bonaparte family at this period. To cover their real designs, it was most probably arranged that while the young men organized and headed the revolt, their older and more cautious relatives should appear to condemn their proceedings, or ignore them. Had success attended them, it would have been easy to explain their seeming coldness; whilst, in case of failure, their non-participation would still maintain in the position of the family, and preserve its resources for the future.

As we are not writing a history, or even a sketch of the unfortunate insurrection which shortly broke out in Romagna, and spread through most of the provinces from the Adriatic to the Tyrrhene Sea, we shall merely allude to those circumstances connected with it which it is necessary our readers should understand, in order to follow the thread of our narrative.

A stranger to have visited Rome at this period would have imagined the government perfectly at its ease, and its subjects the most contented population in the world. Not a ripple appeared on the surface of society. It was smooth as ice and quite as treacherous; for beneath it the waters were dark and troubled.

Austria—whose eyes, like the talons of its double-headed eagle, were fixed on every part of Italy—had long been aware of the intended outbreak, and only delayed putting forth her strength to make the blow more sure. The leaders of the Carbonari were unknown; they might be, and doubtless were, suspected; but legal proofs were wanting to condemn them.

Had the conspiracy been planned in her own possessions, less delicacy, in all probability, would have been used; but in the States of the Church some management was necessary, as an excuse for shedding blood. There were two lives the ministers of Austria felt particularly anxious to take—those of the princes of the race of Bonaparte who by their youth and energy seemed most likely to tear the treaties of fifteen, and scatter their fragments to the wind. Louis Philippe would have looked complacently on, and perhaps have protested when too late to save them. The wily king had not forgotten the remarkable words uttered by Louis Napoleon when first informed of the revolution of July:

"The crown of France in the gutters of Paris, and I not there to pick it up!"

Why he should have spoken in the first person whilst his elder brother yet lived, probably will never be explained.

Perhaps it was merely a solecism in grammar—I instead of you.

It is not to be supposed that a man of Major Henderson's experience was blind to the secret movement. His interview with his former acquaintance, O'Reilly, had given him the first clue, observation and inquiry did the rest; and he naturally felt uneasy on his wards' account. He knew the ardent nature of our hero, his scorn of injustice, hatred to oppression, and the impressionable character of Phil. He resolved to warn them both.

"I can understand your sympathies," he said. "At your age I should have felt as you feel—more, I will not conceal from you that even now they are sadly at variance with my prudence; but any attempt to change the nature of the government without the assistance of one of the great Powers of Europe must prove abortive. Austria, by her treaties with the lesser States of Italy, is virtually master of the country—holds its destinies in her hand. Her fortresses cover the soil like a network—her military strength is enormous."

"Italy must wait," he added, emphatically.

"How long?" impatiently demanded Phil, in whose ears the eloquent words of Bianca still echoed like sweetest music.

"Till the hour arrives," replied his guardian, gravely. "It strikes for every nation."

"An insurrection supported by the youth and energy of a people must succeed."

"For a moment," answered the veteran, sadly. "You speak of energy—where will you look for it? They are a race of dreamers, visionaries, dwellers on the past. Again let me warn you," he added, "to be cautious how you permit your enthusiasm, or the example of your friends, to compromise the results of our voyage."

"Results!" repeated Phil. "I thought it was one of pleasure merely."

"And duty," said his guardian, gravely, at the same time exchanging a glance with our hero, who alone understood him. "For is not education a duty? Travel must form the mind, cultivate the taste, strengthen the judgment—when it fails in these, it is worthless."

"Troppo lardo, as the Italians say," exclaimed the young men, simultaneously, as soon as they were alone.

For several instants they regarded each other in silence. It was the first intimation either had received of the inconsiderate step the other was about to take.

"I am pledged," whispered Oliver.

"And I," said Phil, in the same undertone. "I wish you could withdraw," he added; "the prognostics of the major have alarmed me—not for myself, my destiny is sealed. I would not recede, were it even in my power."

"Nor I."

"But you are not in love," urged his friend.

"The word given to friendship is equally sacred," replied our hero; "and after all, what is life if every step must be a calculation—a continued weighing of honor, impulse, courage and feeling in the scale of prudence? My word is given."

"To the princes?"

"Pah!" exclaimed Oliver, "it would be long enough before they could induce me to act contrary to the wishes of our kind guardian. The elder has little or no character; the younger too much. Louis, in his conversation and manner, produces on me the effect of one who has forgotten the days of his youth. There is little sympathy with humanity in his composition."

"You forget his love for his brother."

"True," said our hero, "there is a golden link in every nature; few hearts are formed entirely of clay."

The speaker was right, though not, perhaps, exactly in the sense he meant. Some hearts have iron in them.

The above conversation took place upon the morning of the day Cimitelli was to seek an interview with Father Isadore, at the Capucine, which, we scarcely need remind our readers, is the poorest order in the Romish Church, living by charity, and consequently looked upon with peculiar favor by most of the beggars of Rome.

Their marriages and christenings—for they are religious in their way—take place within their church. Enter it when he will, the traveller will generally find crowds of them either at the altar or assembled before the porch.

As the traitor entered the sacred edifice, the monk, whose person was well known to him—he was one of the most celebrated preachers in Italy—advanced to meet him.

"You are waiting for me?" said the count.

"His eminence the Cardinal Doria graciously condescended to inform me that I might expect the honor of this visit."

"Did he add its purpose?"

Father Isadore bowed gravely.

The Venetian looked cautiously around him; besides themselves none but the most miserable-looking objects in Rome were present; still he did not feel quite satisfied, and pointed to one of the confessionals.

The capucin shook his head.

"Why not?"

"Because," answered the old man, "words spoken there are sacred, and may never pass the lips of him who hears them; and if I comprehend his Eminence the Cardinal rightly, such is neither your lordship's wish nor intention."

"It must be here, then," said the count. "Do you speak French?"

"Perfectly."

In that language the traitor, led by jealousy and his desire of winning Bianca, revealed to the monk not only the plans, but the

names, of the chiefs of the Carbonari; amongst others the name of the Englishman, Austin, was more than once pronounced.

The pious monk crossed himself in horror, and both felt so deeply interested in the conversation that they never once observed a sturdy-looking beggar, who had crept close to one of the massive columns of the church, near which they were standing.

The man, possibly not understanding the language they were conversing in, or satisfied with what he had heard, retreated to one of the altars, and appeared lost in prayer.

"This is most important, signor," said the capucin, "and doubtless the Holy Father will know how to reward you. But there is one point the Cardinal will be sure to question me upon."

"Name it."

"The place of meeting of the chiefs of this most wicked conspiracy—the spot where the downfall of the government is plotted."

"I am ignorant of it."

The monk regarded him doubtfully.

"You disbelieve me?"

"I have no right to do so," was the meek response.

"It is the only secret connected with the society," exclaimed Count Cimitelli, in a tone of vexation. "I have never been able to penetrate. But few members, I believe, are acquainted with it. One of them," he added, "I know is an ecclesiastic. You start!"

"With horror!" muttered Father Isadore, crossing himself—"with horror, my son, to think that one vowed to the altar should be so perverted!"

"When will you see the Cardinal?"

"To-night."

"And how am I to receive his instructions and communicate with you again?" inquired his visitor. "Having once taken the leap, I shall feel restless till all is over, and the enemies of our Church safe in the hands of justice."

He to whom the question was addressed reflected for an instant before answering him.

"Take this, my son," he replied, at the same time drawing a key from beneath his robe. "You know the convent-wall running parallel with the Barberini Palace?"

"Perfectly."

"About half way you will perceive a door. Come to me to-morrow night. Possibly I may have to present you to his Eminence—or have some communication to make from him."

"At what hour?"

"Midnight."

"I will not fail you," replied the count, offering the speaker several pieces of gold; not that he deemed it absolutely necessary to secure his fidelity, the word of Cardinal Doria he considered sufficient guarantee for that.

The monk, to his surprise, refused them, observing that those he served paid him liberally enough.

"For the poor, then?" urged his visitor.

This time the donation was accepted, and, as the donor quitted the church, were dropped into the alms-box by Father Isadore.

"Strange world!" murmured the old man, "strange world! when will my task in it be over?"

(To be continued.)

A VIRGINIAN ROMANCE.

A TRIAL has just taken place in Princess Anne, Va., of very remarkable interest. It is considered of such importance in the Old Dominion, that Governor Wise, of Harper's Ferry renown, has been employed to defend the manly lawyer, for we think, under the circumstances of the case, he cannot be called a murderer. The facts are briefly these:

A Mr. Flanagan, in 1854, seduced his wife's sister, then a girl of only fifteen, while she was on a visit to his wife. This intercourse continued off and on until 1859, when Mr. Walter Land, a well-to-do farmer, in perfect ignorance of her fallen condition, made proposals for her hand. She, fearing detection from the consequences of her illicit love, made objections, which were finally overruled by her villainous brother-in-law, who threatened to shoot her if she did not accept Mr. Land as her husband. The trembling and guilty girl obeyed, and was led a dishonored bride to the marriage altar by her seduced husband.

About a month afterwards he discovered her condition, and demanded to know the name of her seducer. After much hesitation, and many tears, she confessed all, having extorted from her husband a solemn promise that he would not revenge her disgrace upon her betrayer, on account of her sister, who was as much wronged by her as he had been by Flanagan. He then said they must separate—to which she consented. Not wishing to turn her out upon the world, he allowed her to remain in his farm-house, under the same roof, but in different rooms.

In her agony and despair she sent a letter to her seducer, begging him to tell her what she was to do and where she was to go. He, unfortunately, came to see her. He there, inseasonable to her melancholy position, proceeded to take freedoms with her. At this juncture Walter Land entered the room, and, maddened by the sight of the destroyer of his domestic happiness, he rushed into the next room, seized a gun and shot the seducer dead. Immediately afterwards, he escaped, with his unhappy wife, to Baltimore, where he was arrested, on a charge of murder, for which he has just undergone his trial.

Let us give, from the Norfolk *Dey Book*, the following affecting scene, in the course of the trial:

Ex-Governor Wise made a long and eloquent speech, urging the admission of Mrs. Land's testimony. The Commonwealth finally consented, and the Sheriff soon entered with Mrs. Land leaning upon his arm. She is only about twenty years of age. Her face was covered with a thick brown veil; she was dressed in a blue and black striped silk, and appeared much affected. She took a seat in the bar beside the prisoner, who at that moment covered his face with a handkerchief. She did likewise, and both bowed their heads in grief. She sat beside him for some moments with her left hand clasped in his, while the court and audience appeared moved by a deep but quiet excitement, until the clerk called her to the stand to be sworn.

The commencement of her evidence, we have already stated. She then testified:

Mr. Flanagan came to my house on the morning of the 19th of June last; Walter (Land) was in the field at the time he arrived; Flanagan came because I sent for him; I sent a negro woman for him, to tell him what his conduct had brought me to, and to advise with him as to what I must do; he got there between eight and nine o'clock; he came in at the front door and sat down near it, and attempted to draw me down on his lap by force; this I place in the parlor; he used force to draw me down, and was endeavoring to take improper liberties with me; I tried to get from him and screamed; Walter (Land) came in at that time and picked up the gun from the corner and shot him.

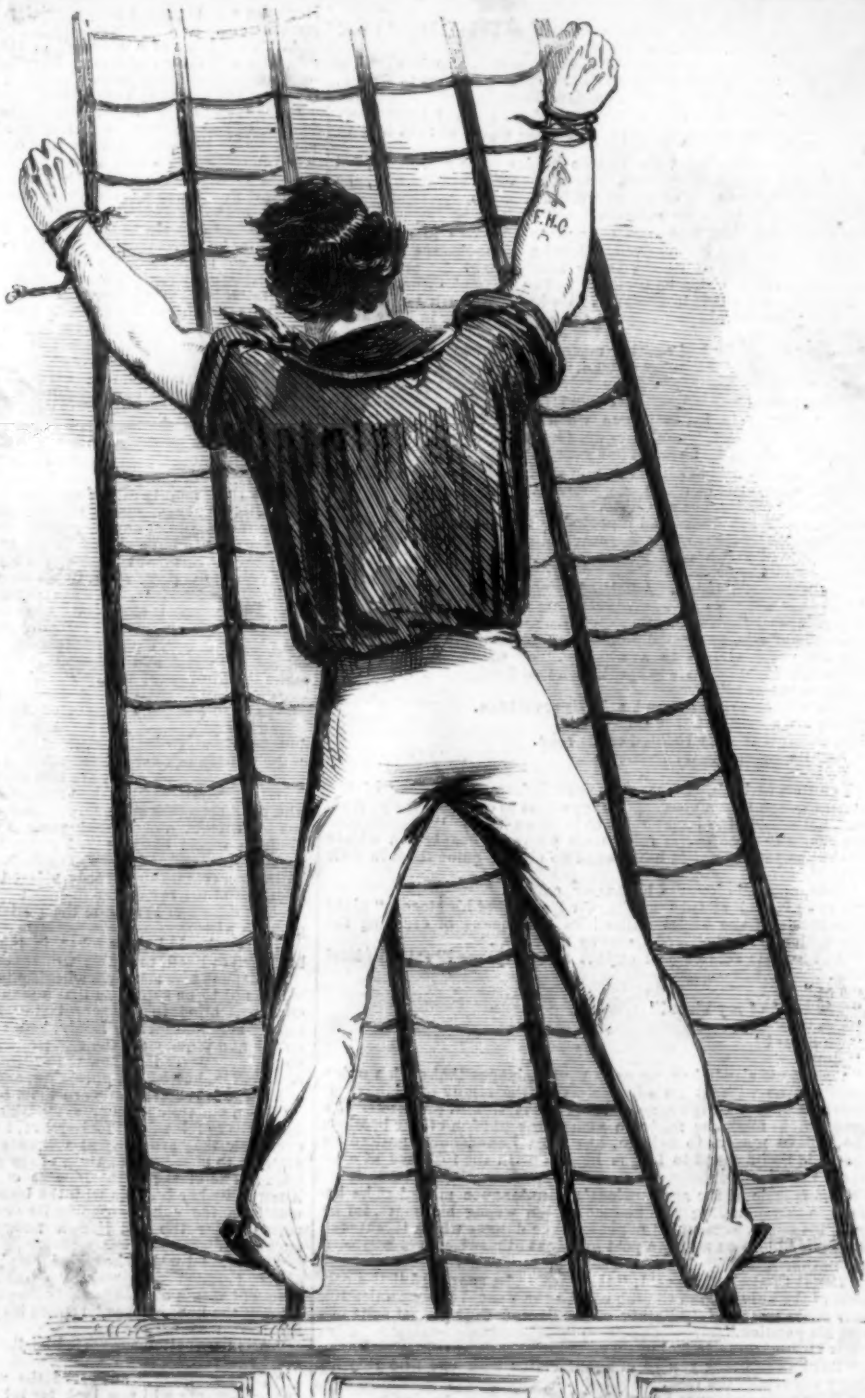
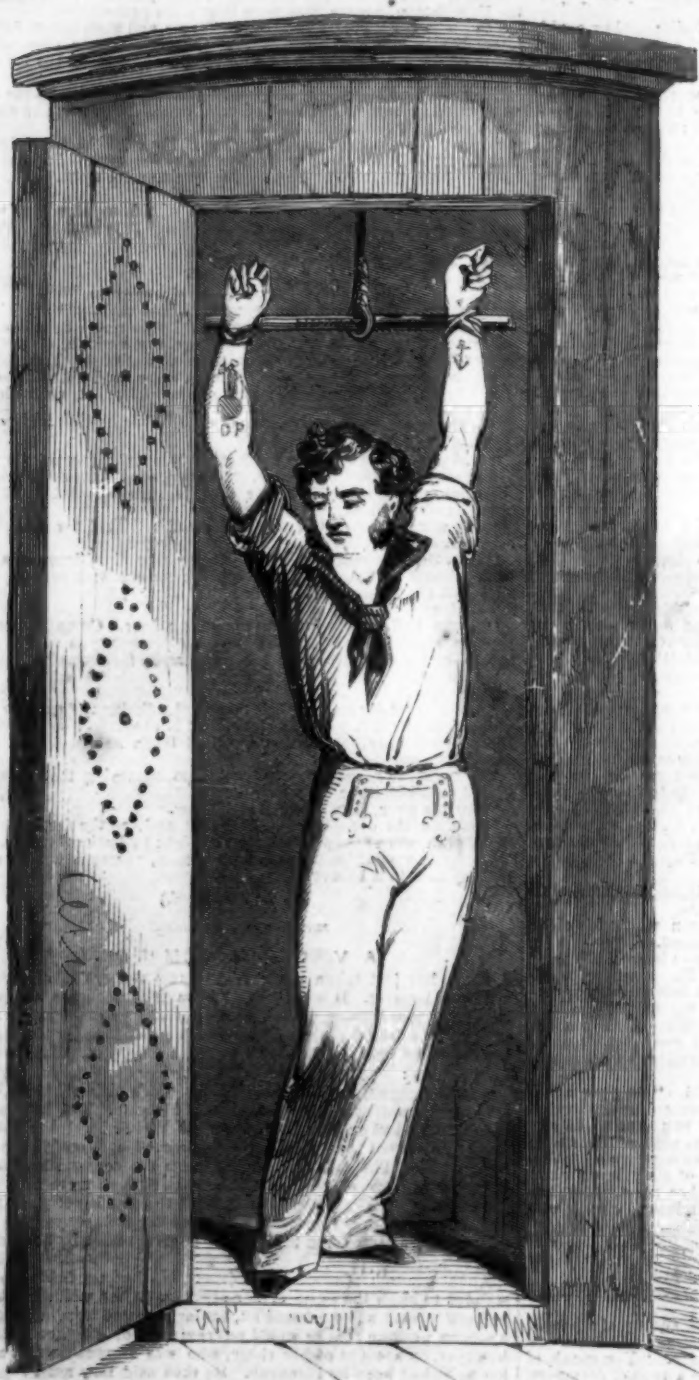
At that juncture a letter was produced by Mary Ann Johnson, Esq., who was conducting the prosecution. It was handed to Mr. John Peters, who stepped to the witness and asked her if she recognized that letter as having been written by her. She raised her head, looked at it, her eyes dashed, and as she grasped it, she said, "Yes, sir, I do; that letter was gotten from me by my brother Frank, who told me that it was only to be used in case my husband was taken from me; and it was written for the sake of my family, it was written at the request of my brother." While saying this, the rapid manipulation of the paper between two nervous hands had staggered the Commonwealth's Attorney, who turned to the Judge, and in a voice indicating astonishment, said, "She is tearing it up, sir." Meanwhile she had torn it into a thousand pieces and threw them upon the floor.

A general murmur of applause ran through the audience, and we caught several times the sound, "I glory in her spirit; I glory in her spirit."

In our next number we shall give the result of this trial—the Court having adjourned to allow the prosecuting Attorney to paste the scattered fragments of the letter together.

BARON ERYKATIAN, of the Austrian service, destroyed himself on the 7th of March at Vienna. He had been accused of gross frauds in the management of the military finance, and was committed to prison. After three abortive attempts to reach his heart with a breastpin, he succeeded in hanging himself with the golden lace of his epaulettes.

A STRANGE circumstance occurred the night the diligence from Florence was stopped by the gendarmes, on the 31st inst. One of the ladies, thinking they were going to be attacked and robbed, instantly threw her watch and its appendages, with her purse, out of the window, and as far away as she could. As soon as she learned that no personal injury to herself or her property would ensue, she begged one of the people in look for her things; but the search proved in vain. The following morning, however, before she was up, a small packet was brought to her, addressed, in an English hand, to her, without any further; nor has she been able to obtain the slightest clue as to who her honest countryman is, or whether he was a fellow-passenger on the occasion.



TERRIBLE MODES OF PUNISHMENT ON BOARD OUR NATIONAL SHIPS OF WAR—THE TORTURE OF THE HORRIBLE "SWEATING BOX" AND THE "SPREAD EAGLE."

NAVAL PUNISHMENTS.

There is no tyranny on earth more absolute than that which exists in the naval services of all countries. The terrible punishments which for many years disgraced the British service were for years constantly and boldly denounced in Parliament, in the press and in popular works. These united forces did much to ameliorate the condition of the sailor, by curbing the passions of the officers and limiting the power of inflicting punishment. Much good has been effected, but there still remains much to be done.

Our own navy is by no means free from the charge of undue cruelty in meting out punishment to our gallant sailors, and there cannot be a doubt that a thorough reform is necessary, and is indeed demanded by the spirit of the age.

The modes of punishment are various, depending greatly upon the fanciful malice of the officer. The most prominent among them we transfer to our pages to-day. We constantly see accounts in the papers of the day of cruelties on shipboard, but most of these cases are confined to the merchant-marine, where there are no uniform modes of punishment—the tyrant generally resorting to any and the most cruel means that his inhuman heart at the moment dictates.

But in the Government service they have, since flogging has been abolished, introduced a series of punishments, which, carried to the extent that they are, and have been, render them still more cruel than flogging. If a man gets intoxicated and makes a little noise, the bucking and gagging is resorted to. (See cut No. 1.) The prisoner is first double-ironed; a bar is then passed through between the knee and elbow joints, and a stick about six or eight inches in length is then forced between his teeth and fastened with strings at the back



TERRIBLE MODES OF PUNISHMENT ON BOARD OUR NATIONAL SHIPS OF WAR—THE "BUCKING AND GAGGING" TORTURE.

of the neck. In performing this operation, the prisoner is very often beaten in a shocking manner. The case of young Ritter on board of the Brooklyn, which remains fresh in our memory, is an instance of this mode.

The punishment called the spread eagle is peculiarly distressing and painful. Secured by their bare wrists to the shrouds, men have been left hanging for hours under the terrible heat of a vertical sun. The effect of such a frightful exposure must tell upon the man all the rest of his life. To say the least of it, it is barbarous and brutal. So thought the citizens of Philadelphia who witnessed the spread eagle punishment on board the steamer Walker, and were so excited by the exhibition that they made unmistakable demonstrations of interference, which resulted in the sailor being released, but in a fainting and miserable condition—his probation being ended under the fervor of a midsummer sun.

The third and by far the most inhuman and deadly of all the ingenious works of punishment-torture is the sweating box, which consists of an upright box, in height and circumference adapted to just contain a man of ordinary size. Into this premature coffin the wretched victim is thrust, the perforated lid is closed, and the maddening system of "sweating" begins. The situation of this torture box is generally on the lower deck, in near proximity to the galley and out of the way of the fresh air. Men have been known, after having been confined in this living tomb, to fall utterly insensible on the deck, when the door was opened. This is, of all punishments, the most dangerous and appalling. It is fitted only for the halls of the Inquisition. A case of this kind was recorded a short time since in a letter dated on board the sloop Dale, on the coast of Africa.

(Continued on page 312.)



JOHN C. HERNAN, THE "VENICIA BOY," FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. NOW IN TRAINING IN ENGLAND TO CONTEST WITH TOM SAYERS, THE PRESENT CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, FOR THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—See Page 312.

NAVAL PUNISHMENTS.

(Continued from page 310.)

There is yet another mode of correction adopted on board men-of-war—that of solitary confinement for from fifteen to thirty days in a cell but little bigger than the horrible sweating-box. We were told of one case, on the coast of Africa, where two men had served twenty days of their thirty days imprisonment, but were released after the expiration of two-thirds of their sentence, because they were in a raging fever, which prostrated them for months, and from which they never fully recovered.

Such practices are an outrage upon humanity, and disgrace the age in which we live. Some mode of punishment must be put in force, but these brutalities which are worthy of a past age must be abolished, for they shock humanity and disgrace the Government which legalizes them by its presumed sanction.

JOHN C. HEENAN (BENICIA BOY), CHAMPION OF AMERICA.

THE near approach to the time of the coming encounter for the Championship of England, between one of their tried and most indomitable pugilists, Tom Sayers, and one of our own countrymen, and the extraordinary interest which is manifested on both hemispheres in regard to the result will, we presume, be a sufficient explanation for the prominence and space we devote to the pictorial and printed illustration of this all-absorbing subject.

We give, in this number, the only correct portrait, in costume, that has ever been published in this country of John C. Heenan, the "Benicia Boy." It is from a photograph, taken expressly for this paper, and is, as a likeness, unusually correct.

John C. Heenan was born at West Troy, in the State of New York, on the 2d of May, in the year 1835. His father, Timothy Heenan, has held the position of master workman in the blacksmiths' department of the Watervliet Arsenal for the last twenty-five years. He is regarded as a very skillful workman, and has had the full confidence of, and has been retained by every Federal Administration.

The present aspirant for fame honors at the hands of the Champion of England was very early apprenticed to his father's trade, and served his time in Troy, where, during his boyish days, he obtained considerable notoriety for his daring, agility and extraordinary strength. He became the terror of all the boys of his age in the neighborhood, and many were the admonitions and exhortations of his father to desist from his wayward course. Possessing an unsettled disposition, and always evincing a roving inclination, at the age of seventeen, he started, in the spring of 1852, for California.

On his arrival there, and with a commendable desire to earn an honest living, he immediately engaged with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, as a workman in the blacksmithing department at their immense establishment at Benicia. He remained in the employ of this Company for over two years, and it was here, it may be said, that the foundation of those characteristics and impulses which are so marked on his character now was laid. He was found to possess an excellent, liberal and social disposition, and a remarkably good temper.

Heenan was very steady in his habits, and had now grown to an immense size, for one of his years, and the exercise of his calling had endowed him with herculean strength. It is said, that while working at the forge, and in welding or beating out large pieces of iron, Heenan would take his place amid a half dozen men with fourteen pound sledges, while he would wield and keep time with a thirty-two pounder with his single right hand. These stories of his powers would go forth, and, of course, created envy and jealousy among those who prided themselves on their muscle. In this young, rough country, there were not a few who wanted an opportunity to test the physical qualifications of the young hero; and as persons possessing such endowments always have more or less enemies as well as friends, they were not long in bringing things to an issue. With his undaunted courage and superior strength, Heenan invariably came off victor. This gave him a celebrity which spread over the whole State, and as he had not yet reached his majority, he was popularly designated the "Benicia Boy." This is the way he acquired his well-known title.

Just at this time a well-known New Yorker, named Sam Banta, a very large and muscular man, whose fighting capabilities are, no doubt, well remembered by many in this city, one evening got into an altercation with the boy from Benicia, and was vanquished easily, in less than five minutes; and three infamous friends of Banta, who interfered in the affray, received the same treatment.

After this he had a regular stand-up encounter, by moonlight, with a well-known bruiser, of desperate character, named Gallagher. There were no rules laid down to govern this fight, except "no gouging, biting, kicking, or striking below the belt." The artillery of the Benicia Boy was found to be strong for his opponent, and he whipped the man badly, in three rounds.

Becoming tired of fashioning and melting iron, he turned his attention toward working among more precious metal, and, therefore, sought the auriferous region of the mines. Here he remained about two years and a half, when the life of a miner, not yielding a pecuniary reward equal to his desires, he quitted the mountains and returned to San Francisco. The story of his invincible prowess was now again industriously circulated.

Yankee Sullivan had at this time arrived in the Golden State, and of course admirers of the "manly art" were soon busy in an endeavor to make a match. Sullivan finally challenged the Benicia Boy, and preliminary arrangements were made for an encounter at an early day; but Sullivan getting into some other difficulties which threatened serious consequences, and subsequently taking great interest in the young novice, he withdrew his challenge and the affair ended Heenan's association with Sullivan at this time probably determined his future course as a pugilist.

The Benicia Boy remained in California, working at his trade part of the time, until the fall of 1857, when he left for New York. In crossing the Isthmus he was attacked with that terrible disease known as the Chagres fever. This prostrated him for a long time, but he at length reached this city in comparative health.

Upon his arrival in New York it was the signal for a general upheaving of all the old animosities and feuds, which had lain like cinders in the hearts of the fancy for many months. There has always been here—and we presume it is so elsewhere—two parties among noted pugilists. In this city we have had a great many different chiefs; those of late years have been known as the Hyer and Sullivan party, Poole and Morrissey party, and the last were Morrissey and Heenan parties. The present meeting partaking something of a national character, most of the sporting people, except Morrissey, sympathize with Heenan.

Poole having been killed, and Hyer firmly adhering to his commendable resolution not to fight again, the opponents of Morrissey were at a loss where to find a person able to cope with that redoubtable pugilist. Heenan's arrival seemed to supply this deficiency.

The Benicia Boy is naturally inclined towards a peaceful life, though probably not averse to taking a hand in it if occasion requires. At any rate he showed no signs of a disposition to enter the prize ring at this time. His behavior was such as to win the good opinion of some respectable gentlemen in this city, and they interested themselves in his behalf, and procured a situation for him from Mr. Emanuel Hart, the Surveyor of the Port, in the public service.

This state of things, however, was not allowed to last long, and soon busy tongues commenced to carry and fetch all kinds of discourteous remarks to and from Morrissey to Heenan, and Heenan to Morrissey. At last, each being goaded on by his "friends," a resort was had to cards in the newspapers. In one of the first of these Heenan remarks, "Pugilism is not my pursuit; I am not a candidate for the prize ring." But notwithstanding his desire to avoid a collision he was forced by the clamor of the fancy and to escape

reproaches wherever he went to succumb, and finally resigned his position and went into training to fight Morrissey for five thousand dollars a side, at Long Point, Canada.

The recollection of that battle is no doubt fresh in the minds of our readers, and it is unnecessary to recapitulate here. Suffice it that it is a well authenticated fact that his old illness had not been thoroughly eradicated from his system, and several times during his training he was obliged to give up and place himself in the hands of physicians.

On the day of the fight about fifteen hundred people assembled at an extremely uncomfortable, out-of-the-way place in Canada to witness it, and there all the ceremonies of getting together the ring, seconds, judges, referees, bottle-holders, time-keepers, &c., were gone through with to the intense delight of the assembled multitude. Morrissey was regarded as in excellent condition, while Heenan showed signs of bad health. He was too fat, and looked sallow, while his eye was dull and languid. It was afterwards ascertained that he had been lying on his back for the six days previously to the fight, and that his right leg was covered with fever sores.

With all these disadvantages the battle is thought to have been the severest one on record. Certain it is that the first three rounds nearly carried Morrissey off his feet, and at the termination of the third, it was a clever feat of his seconds to get their man to the scratch at all. Morrissey was fearfully punished in this battle, but his dogged determination and enduring pluck sustained him, and as Heenan's sickness began to tell upon him, together with the miserable manner in which he was seconded, it was soon observed that the terrific force of his battery had been spent, and consequently Morrissey had nothing further to fear. The fight lasted twenty-two minutes, in which eleven rounds were fought, when Heenan, from sheer exhaustion, fell fainting in the ring.

Heenan was not satisfied with this result, as he felt that if he had been in health he could easily have defeated his antagonist. Several Southern sporting men who had come on purpose to see the fight, and who had bet largely on Morrissey without knowing Heenan and of course won, now offered to back the Benicia Boy at \$10,000 to \$9,000 to fight Morrissey again in six months from the day of this fight. This offer, and all others which Heenan subsequently offered, were never accepted, and this gave him the privilege of calling himself the "Champion of America," inasmuch as his challenges were open to all.

The Benicia Boy possesses an excellent disposition, is gentlemanly, affable, and decidedly unlike the ordinary run of pugilists. He never indulges in the flash nonsensical talk so common to the fancy, but behaves in a quiet unostentatious manner at all times and under all circumstances. As a fighter, Heenan has great advantages; he stands six feet one and a half inches high, and weighs ordinarily about two hundred and ten pounds; his fighting weight will be about one hundred and eighty pounds. He has immense length of arm, and is as quick and active as a deer. There is an opinion abroad that from his size he is heavy and slow, but this is an error. He has eminent science as a boxer, and it seems almost impossible to stop his unerring "left," which carries a force which few would like to feel. At his last encounter he did not exhibit that shrewdness, cunning nor tact which is essential to successful ring-fighting, but these points he has a fair chance of recovering in England. Heenan has courage, but we think he is hardly equal to his formidable antagonist in enduring qualities, nor the stamina to take so large an amount of punishment.

We are fully persuaded that the Benicia Boy has undertaken the present battle for the mere glory of the thing, and by the chivalry he exhibits in going so far to fight the world-renowned Sayers he hopes to achieve the good opinion he lost at his last encounter.

Heenan has no idea of remaining in England or retaining the belt if he wins it. In case he is so fortunate he will immediately put it up again to be fought for in England, and will immediately return to this country. The position of our champion is an art-study for connoisseurs in attitudes of self-defence. He holds his left hand well up and well out, while his right is drawn up at an angle across his breast in the best possible manner for protection. Unlike English pugilists he throws the weight of his body on his left foot, and stands slightly bent forward, which gives him a good opportunity to spring back in case of an attack; at the same time, it gives him several more inches play than his naturally long arms allow.

John C. Heenan has many very natural attributes for one of the best pugilists in the world, and in a very short time we shall be enabled to say how well he has used them.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

MARCH 29th, 1860.

We have been more than usually fortunate lately in the matter of theatricals and music, especially when we consider the wretched little transmogrified saloon which bears the high-sounding and dignified title of the "Washington Theatre." After the delightfully refreshing three weeks engagement of Murdock, we have had Cohen and the petti Patti. The former sustained her reputation for all the graces of style and manner which so captivated us on previous visits, and the latter made a decided sensation. I am not one of those who go crazy about juvenile prodigies, or give myself generally up to the extatics on the music mania, but the fascination and exceeding promise, as well as the performance of Adeline Patti, compelled me to metaphorically jerk my hat in the air to her success. Not the least remarkable phases of the Murdock and Patti excitement are the symptoms of taste they have elicited from quarters in which it is not generally sought or found, i. e. in the ranks of the Members of Congress. Murdock was the recipient of a most flattering invitation signed by some eminent Senators, Representatives and others more noted in the walks of literature and art; and Patti has so captivated the ears and bewildered the eyes of old and young, foreign and native, Democrat and Republican, Northern Abolitionist and Southern Opponent, that an invitation to appear in concert has been tendered her signed by a most unexampled array of notables. In the words of the announcement, it is under the patronage of the Hon. John C. Breckinridge, Vice-President of the United States, the Hon. William Pennington, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Members of the Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, the Senate and the House of Representatives. Of the Cabinet Secretaries, Cobb, Thompson, Floyd and Toussie solicit the notes of Adeline. Twenty-six Senators agree not to differ in their homage to the sweet singer. Even Clay and Cullenman, who lately, it is said, had a rencontre in caucus, smile as they were wont to smile, while beseeching Patti to "sing that simple strain again." Fifty-five members of the House of Representatives, including all the Opposites, such as Lamar and Burlingame, Hancock and Haskin, Keitt and Parrot, and others still more antagonistic in political sentiment, are unanimous in chivalric devotion to the little lute. Diplomatic circles have been exquisitely agitated by the paper pellet flung in their midst, and in most distinguished ornaments have of course flocked to the top. Lyons of England, Frillard of France, Stocker of Russia, Tassara of Spain, Berninatti of Sardinia, Massone of Sicily, Hulseman of Austria, Zagarro of Peru, Lisboa of Brazil, and Molina of Costa Rica, forget they have Nationalities, Presidents, Emperors, Kings, Queens to represent, and fling themselves impudently at the feet of the fortunate young cantatrice. I hope she will not be spoiled by the extravagant attentions which are being paid to her. The young lady may well say in her note of acceptance that "a similar tribute has never been tendered to any other artist."

While these amusements are agitating fashionable life in the capital, you must not think that the religious influences of the season have been unproductive of excitement also. There seems to be more than usual interest manifested in the churches, and especially in the Catholic church here just now. Probably one reason is that it is rather fashionable to go to St. Aloysius. This new church is very capacious, and is crowded morning and evening of Sundays by a very mixed congregation to hear the Rev. Mr. Maguire, who is a man of very superior powers, and seems to be free from that bigotry of sentiment which is so reprehensible in the majority of religious professors of all denominations. You would be astonished at the crowds of carriages and people who seek this church, which is in an out-of-the-way and un-built-up end of the city. Mr. Maguire was formerly President of Georgetown College, and has a high character for scholarship as well as eloquence. He is above the middle height, with features inclining to sharpness, but having a calm, placid expression of countenance without. His pulpit conveys a slight tinge of asceticism to the beholder, but when he speaks he completely and at once arrests your attention. He is not a pulpit pugilist of the Spurgeon order; but his exhortations are full of sententious sentences, which ring in the mind and make you think "whether you will or no." The music in this church is very fine.

The report of the testimony taken before the House Committee on Public Expenditures, of whom Mr. John B. Haskin is chairman, is quite a bombshell flung into the Administration ranks. The disclosures of prodigality are startling, and the uprising of the curtain exhibits some contemptible scenes in the political drama. The manœuvring, the bartering, the laying out of money and buying in of men; the compulsory provisions under which contracts were made; the hoax of paying largely for public printing, so that the public printer

should be the chief stockholder for the President, in small politicians, needy Congressional districts, good-for-nothing newspapers and dead and dying journalists; the disposition of the moneys, in fact, the whole game is exposed to the public by the persistent and indefatigable energy of Mr. Haskin. His report which is quite voluminous, as well as luminous, will create a whirlwind of discussion, which will yet more widely aid in the dissemination of the facts contained in it. The people will not, I dare venture to say, be overjoyed at the manner in which the public moneys have been so privately scattered for the purpose of manufacturing opinion to lead them astray. Large quantities of the cash so expended was devoted to pernicious misrepresentations of Senator Douglas, and the position occupied by him in relation to the Administration. It was the desire of the Cabinet, when it had kicked over the Cincinnati platform, upon which it came into power, to proclaim that Douglas was not a Democrat. Thousands and thousands were spent to effect this object, but the result has proved how vain was the effort. The power and vitality of Douglas looms out in wonderful contrast to these attempts to crush him. With these developments before us, the fight made by the Illinois Senator and the few able men who supported him at the onset in Washington seems astonishing, and cannot fail to impress every thinking man with the faith in the cause which he and they advocated.

In the way, the beautifully artistic picture in last week's FRANK LESLIE has been the subject of much praise and admiration. The full length of Miss Harriet Lane in the same number is a most characteristic and charming work of art—at least such is the verdict of those who have seen the lady of the White House, as she is depicted, receiving with grace and elegance at the Presidential mansion.

We are likely to have the philosophy of Mormonism and polygamy discussed in *extenso* in the halls of Congress. Yesterday, Hon. Mr. Nelson, of Tennessee, succeeded in getting up the bill reported from the Judiciary Committee, to punish and prevent the practice of polygamy in the Territory of Utah and other places. The bill disapproves and annuls all laws of the Territory of Utah on that subject. Mr. Lawrence O. B. Branch doubted whether Congress had the power to declare polygamy a crime, and moved an amendment striking out the first section which did so declare. He had no objection to disapprove of all Territorial acts by which "a polygamy" as Amasa A. Sleeper used to say, was sanctioned. Mr. Branch is from North Carolina, and thought his friends had better be cautious in their action on the subject, for if Congress assumes to declare polygamy criminal, might not the Republicans claim the right, on the same grounds, to abolish what they call "the twin relic of barbarism." Clark, of Missouri, of Hesper book resolution glory, and who actually did defeat Sherman, and thereby elected the amiable gentleman who sits in the Speaker's Chair, reminded the House that the Committee on Territories had at present a bill under consideration to parcel out the Territory of Utah and repeal the organic act. Branch objected, because there were now no Territories "sufficiently populous to absorb the Mormon influence." Mr. Taylor, from the Judiciary Committee, also objected to the first section, and approved of Branch's notions. The latter proceeded to review the whole Territorial question, and young Logan, of Illinois, offered a substitute to repeal the act establishing a Territorial Government for Utah. I think it very probable that we shall have a crowded attendance of ladies next Monday, to hear what shall be the fate of those who love women "not wisely but too well."

Among the scraps of news let me mention that the speech made by Cox, of Ohio, on Mexican affairs, was a decided hit, and continues to attract much attention. Secretary Cobb has declined, beforehand, the Presidency; that is, he desires to withdraw his name. Tom Hyer has been flourishing here for some time. I understand that he has intimated his intention of training up to whip the Benicia Boy, if that youth succeeds in winning the belt. Thomas S. Donoho, the poet, whose volume is now in press, has resigned the position he held in the Agricultural Division of the Department of the Interior. A great number of members of Congress have left to take the stump in Connecticut, and aid their respective parties. Corwin and Roger A. Pryor are among the belligerents "for principle."

P. S.—The following epigram is said to be by the brilliant member for Arkansas:

"What think you of Covode's attack (said the Judge)
On old Buck?" I replied, "That covd owed him a grudge."

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

A Poor Man Relieved—The Artist in Distress—Charity in France—The late Gale and its Accidents.

ONE of the "freshest" papers of Paris contains this week a story of poverty and of charity which is in several respects so characteristic, that I give it word for word, at the risk of making the capital of my letter of it. Should I draw a few reflections from it, I trust that they may not be without a practical value for all readers:

In visiting one of our friends, who inhabits Montmartre, we observed one day on the stairs leading to his room an odd placard, which ran thus:

"Lessons on the Piano, Violin and Guitar—Italian and Spanish."

At first this made me laugh. We thought at first of copying the inscription for a joke. "Lessons on the guitar!" Who could be the unfortunate being left so far behind the margin of civilization as to give lessons on the guitar in 1860? And what creature of the same unearthly and fantastic nature could wish to take those lessons? For it is a fact that M. the Viscount d'Arincourt is really no longer in this world.

But the rest of the inscription contained material for thought. To be obliged to give lessons on the guitar as well as the piano, and to add to this instruction in Spanish and in Italian! Was there not in these two lines a whole poem of distress? The guitar showed plainly enough that the unknown in question was an old man. Italian and Spanish known well enough to teach them, testified to a wandering life. And, in short, the having recourse to so many means to sustain life, did they not prove extreme poverty? Add to this that the writing was on coarse gray paper.

I had completely forgotten the man and the writing when the *Figaro* ball came off, the proceeds from which were devoted to the relief of poor artists and others. Somebody recommended to us one of the former.

"What does he do? What is he good for?"

"Everything almost. He knows Spanish and Italian, and can teach the two languages. He is a good pianist, an excellent violinist; he even plays the guitar."

"At this word I knew my man. It was the individual. And what a story of distress was brought out. Let me give it in a few lines."

Our artist is an old man, as I guessed. He is perhaps fifty-six years of age. His hair is white, his locks are thin, and his face so much that, as age generally goes, men who are by ten years his senior look young beside him. Yet he has a fine face—one honest and intelligent.

He gains fifty francs a month in the orchestra of a small theatre as alto. That is all he has. And he has others to sustain. A wife long sick, a daughter of twenty years, educated at the Conservatory.

Objections? But his orchestra only requires his evenings. How does he employ the rest of his time? Why not seek some other place?

Answer: He has only been a short time in Paris, and knows nobody. He used to live in the country, where—as it was cheap—he almost made a living. But he longed to see his daughter musically and well educated, and this was only possible at Paris. It was for this that he sold everything and risked everything—his daughter before everything.

He met with suffering. He had expected it and fought it hard. He even had a smile to say:

"Ah, sir, everybody knows that there are nothing but roses in the path of an artist."

But ah! one should have seen the misery of his room.

There was not a single article of furniture in the poor room, excepting a pallet bed for the sick woman. The porter—there are some kind-hearted ones—patted the poor girl of twenty years, and lent her below another.

And the poor father? He had kept on the floor for nine months.

The children in the house where they lived used to say in a subdued tone,

"Only think, they don't have something to eat every day!"

For they were so poor that the children were touched by it. The neighbors gave them from time to time some wood or coal, or a little food. Unfortunately, most of these fellow lodgers were also poor.

By before yesterday, in the morning, my friend sent for the old artist. The poor old soul drew shivering up to the grate.

"Ah!" he said, shivering: "a good fire."

My friend had recently sent him wood and charcoal. He had come to express his thanks. But the sight of the fire—his own poverty and humiliation were too much for him. He burst into tears and could not utter a word.

This, with other details, and an appeal to the public for the poor artist, appeared in *Figaro*. Of course, the result was relief. Some good Samaritan at once sent him a hundred francs. Perfectly well authenticated cases of distress are seldom published in newspapers and endorsed by editors without attracting charity. Very fortunate for the duly endowed cases. And this brings me exactly to the application and "but" of my whole story. What is to become of the cases which do not rise to the surface—which are not advertised, which do not interest the public? Here is the great trouble as regards relieving the poor in Paris. A picture, an old beggar with a long white beard—a Spagnoletto picture in flesh—takes twenty francs a day, and a knowledge of the fact causes delight. The dear poor—how soon they are relieved! The Emperor meets a young soldier who had lost his arm in the Crimea. "What has the Government done for you, poor brave?" "Nothing," replies the stranger. Next day the Emperor sends him the cordon of the *Légion d'honneur*. How beautiful! how noble! But what becomes of some thousands of wounded soldiers who did not have the good fortune to meet the Emperor? If these cases only covered all cases. After all, to come to facts, good poor laws are worth all the sentiment in the world, and this is what we have not learned, is yet. This idea, that poverty is to be relieved by individual efforts, causes miseries of the suffering in Southern Europe. A case of relieved charity causes in France or Italy no further feeling than that of delight—at the happy moment. An Englishman wonders if no laws could be arranged to relieve the misery—an American shortly solves the problem by wondering "why the devil don't the fellow go to work?" Each is right, perhaps, in his way. In France, the Government, or the man who is able, is expected to do everything—in England, where a practical organization of industrial relations is more advanced than in any other country, law is looked to—in America, where there is a vast field of labor, work is the panacea.

A pretty quotation and a good reply. At a late masked ball, the President

de C—, dressed as a confessor, addressed the following lines to a beautiful Dubarry :

"Ma bergère, j'ai beau chercher,
Je n'ai rien sur la conscience,
De grâce faites-moi pécher,
Après je ferai pénitence."

To which she replied :

"Si je céda à ton instance,
On te verrait bien empêché,
Mais plus encore du péché
Que de la pénitence."

On the 25th of February there was a tremendous gale in Paris which rooted up trees, twisted off stove-pipes, knocked down chimneys and raised the devil—a word not so black in French as in English. Among the accidents were the following :

La Pendule Normand disappeared from the bulletin of the Faudeville and has not been acted since.

Several brokers disappeared from the Bourse, leaving nothing but their debts.

Henry Murger lost his wig, and Jules Prevel his last idea.

M. Champfleury, who was carrying a manuscript under his arm, had the grief to see it all blown into a muddy gutter.

Young Léotard was carried away by a pretty Englishwoman.

Edward About was hit on the head by a tile—for the second time this year.

So much for so much, PASTURE.

ARREST OF MR. SANBORN.

GREAT excitement was felt in Concord on Wednesday by the arrival of a deputy of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate, with a warrant for the arrest of Mr. B. F. Sanborn, one of the John Brown fanatics. This was issued by order of the Senate Committee, now investigating that sanguinary but absurd adventure. Upon Mr. Sanborn's resisting the arrest, the Federal officers proceeded to handcuff him, whereupon the family of Mr. Sanborn cried for help. A crowd gathered, the bells were rung, and Sanborn was rescued from the Federal officers, and taken to a place of safety till a writ of habeas corpus could be obtained. He is consequently out of the hands of the Senate, and in those of his native State. The Legislature of Massachusetts has ordered their law officers to defend him.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARATHON.—All misses at the game of fifteen ball-pool count three against the miser.

SETH, Scranton, Pa.—When three independent players play the American or four ball game, he who first makes sixty is out, and the other two continue until one reaches the hundred.

CUMMERT, New York City.—We know nothing of the matter but what has been published.

TOX, Philadelphia.—We should say most decidedly, Yes.

T. S., Grand Rapids.—In the French game the winner of the lead can spot his own ball as he may choose, or have his opponent's ball spotted on the spot within the semicircles.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

RETURN MATCH BETWEEN KAVANAGH AND LYNCH.—The return match between Messrs. Kavanagh and Lynch took place on the 2d inst., at Kavanagh's Room, No. 140 Fulton street. The contest resulted in a victory for Mr. Lynch, by only fourteen points, making this the closest match on record. The conditions of the match were the same as those of the former one played by these gentlemen, which was won by Kavanagh. The runs in the latter match were not as large as those made in the former, though the average was nearly the same. Kavanagh's longest runs were 61, 57, 51, 45; Lynch's 59, 54, 50, 44. Both players played with great coolness and caution. The contestants having now won a game each, a third game is necessary as a final test of their skill, and we understand that a forfeit has been deposited for a third and last match between them.

THE SECREITER AND LYNCH (CALIFORNIA) MATCH.—The editor of *Wilkes's Spirit*, who is empowered to act for Mr. Lynch of San Francisco, calls upon Mr. Secreiter to cover Mr. Lynch's \$500 as the necessary preliminary to any discussion of the conditions of the match. As soon as that formality is complied with he will communicate with Mr. Lynch. The editor expresses his readiness to hand over Mr. Lynch's \$500 to any responsible gentleman who may be named, and who may be satisfactory to Mr. Secreiter. The stakeholder in the match between Phelan and Secreiter is named. If Mr. Secreiter forwards his \$500, it is said there will be no difficulty in making a match, unless he is altogether too exacting in his stipulations.

THE TOURNAMENT OF THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIANS.—The preliminaries for the great match between Oxford and Cambridge are settled. The representative of the Oxonians is a Mr. Blair, said to be a remarkably fine player.

MR. JESSE H. BOLLES, of Charleston, S. C., has executed a magnificent full-size photographic likeness of Mr. Phelan. It is an admirable work of art.



THIRTEEN SHOT.

Made by F. Sullivan, at the City Billiard Room, Zanesville, Ohio.

A Mrs. WHITNEY, of Waimoe, Sandwich Islands, arrived in Boston recently. She left this country more than forty years ago, and had not previously left the islands in all that long period. Her husband, a missionary, died in 1845. They sailed from Boston in the brig *Thaddeus*, which took out the pioneer company of American missionaries on the 23d of October, 1819, and arrived off Hawaii, March 30th, 1820.

SILVER CUP PRESENTED TO THE METAIRIE

JOCKEY CLUB.

(Continued from page 314.)

than appropriate. The base, a four-leaved oval, is about eleven inches long and three and a half deep, and supported by massive feet. As the ornamentation of the cup is Moorish, the sides of the base are beautifully decorated in the style of that order. The surface represents a turfy paddock, from the centre of which rises the stem of Attis gracefully. Within the paddock stand two "bits of blood," most truthful statuettes, one representing a thoroughbred stallion, the other a brood mare. Each statuette is sculptured out of a solid block of silver, and is a notable specimen of execution as well as design. Near the horses appear partial enclosures, and the furniture of the riders carelessly thrown down. The bowl rises gracefully from its stem, supported additionally by two handles of exquisitely worked arabesque. At each end of the bowl the horn of a crescent develops itself, rising out of the elaborately engraved Moorish ornamentation, a perfectly plain disc of highly polished silver.

The handles of the bowl are heads and necks of stallions and mares, coupled, and modelled with wonderful spirit and truthfulness. Two oval medallions finish the sides of the bowl, one bearing a finely engraved representation of the Metairie Stand and a race—the other left vacant for the purpose of inscription.

As a whole, the Crescent Cup is a most creditable work, and it would be difficult to determine the point of excellence especially marked, so marked are its merits of design, workmanship and character. We congratulate our cotemporary upon the honor of presenting so unique a prize.

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

We mentioned in our last that the police authorities had filled the church of St. George in the East with three hundred policemen to keep the peace, but despite these precautions the disturbances were as fierce as ever. During the service the lights were put out, but they were relit by the police.

LORD LECAX, the commander of the cavalry in the Crimea, and Sir De Lacy Evans have had a correspondence in consequence of Sir De Lacy's remarks on the purchase system.

ONE of the Irish volunteers died lately. The company to which he belonged gave him a military funeral à la New York.

In addition to the numerous ships of war being built in the dockyards of England, there are to be six line of battle steamers to be commenced immediately.

THE sabbatarians are making great opposition to music and dancing on the Sunday. Mr. Simpson, the proprietor of the Surrey Gardens, was obliged to promise a cessation of those recreations before the magistrates would renew his licence. It is strange that drinking, the most dangerous habit of all, is not objected to, while the comparative innocent ones of music and singing are. The former inflames, the other soothes.

ANOTHER victim to crinolines has been enrolled in St. Petersburg, at a ball given to close the Carnival, at the house of a Madame Smirnov. The flame of a wax candle coming in contact with the dress of one of the ladies, set fire to it, but the flames were extinguished without any material injury. One of the lady's friends, a Mademoiselle Kindi-cheff, was leading assistance, when her own dress caught fire. In a moment, losing her presence of mind, she rushed out of the room into the corridor, and thence into the street. The servants who were waiting in the ante-room, instead of wrapping her round with cloaks, of which they had plenty within reach, fled in dismay, and the unfortunate young lady was actually burnt to death in the street, having, in her last moments of sensibility, thrown herself on her knees as if to offer up a prayer. When the ample dimensions of petticoats are considered it is wonderful that more accidents have not occurred.

A SOLICITOR of standing and wealth has been heavily fined for making a disturbance in the Haymarket theatre during the performance. The magistrate decided that no person had a right to annoy the audience by talking. We wish our magistrates would apply this rule to some of our rowdy exquisites and vulgar Miss Flora McFlimsnys, who have air and chatter at the opera.

A most remarkable suicide has lately taken place at Leamington. Mrs. Dale, a lady of fortune and beauty, and who resided in Dorset square, London, while on a visit to some friends in Leamington precipitated herself from the fourth story, and was killed on the spot. Previous to this she had burnt all her correspondence and *memoirs*. No explanation has been given. It is by some attributed to insanity, and by others to a love affair.

A REMARKABLE addition has recently been made to the menagerie of the Zoological Gardens, the Society having been presented with a fine living specimen of the gigantic Salamander of Japan, the largest known species of amphibia. This singular creature bears a resemblance to a monster water-newt; it inhabits the lakes of the basaltic mountains of Japan, where it was discovered by the Dutch naturalist, Dr. Von Siebold, but is considered even there a scarce animal. It is characterized as being the nearest living analogue of the fossil animal, or *Amphibiosaurus* of Schenker. The specimen received by the Zoological Society is at present about three feet in length, and is the first of the class which has been brought alive to this country.

MR. RHODES, a well known piano manufacturer, cut his throat on the 15th in his drawing room. Over attention to business the cause.

THAT once famous spot, Bermondsey, where King John had a palace, and where the tan pits and tanners have for a century made their "swamp," has lately been the scene of several large fires. The spectators said there was nothing like leather to perfume the air. All that part of London smelt like a burnt shoe next day.

THE Marquis of Anglesey, who eloped with Mrs. Bell, the wife of a London merchant, has performed the *amende honorable* so far as she was concerned by marrying the frail beauty.

LONDON society has lately had a loss in the death of the Countess of Granville, wife to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. She was a daughter of the Duke of Rutland. She was in her forty-ninth year.

A SINGULAR scene took place in London on the 10th. The Italians resident in London were called upon, by their respective Governments, to cast their votes on the Annexation question. They were unanimously in favor of repudiating their old Government and placing themselves under Victor Emmanuel. The Romans were equally emphatic in throwing off the Pope's authority. Their ballots were sent over to Italy, duly certified by the Tuscan Consul.

THE Earl of Elgin and Baron Gros dined with Louis Napoleon, lately, to arrange measures for the Chinese expedition.

A WOMAN, aged forty-two and healthy, died lately in Yorkshire from the effect of washing a sore hand in water where soda had been dissolved. It poisoned her whole system. She died in great agony.

THE Duke de Montpensier, who married the Queen of Spain's sister, is at Claremont, on a visit to his mother, the widow of Louis Philippe.

THE English papers are very severe on the owners of the *Northerner*, whom they accuse of knowing her unseaworthiness. We illustrated the loss of this ship in No. 221 of this paper. She was lost on the Pacific shore near Humboldt Bay.

FUGITIVE WASHINGTON has just paid off a good epigram at Sir Lytton Bulwer or Bulwer Lytton, for he so twists and turns his name about, that, like a Jeremy Diddler, it never remains the same a week together. Bulwer is notorious for the shabbiness of his entertainments, and the magnificence of his gilded halls and splendid furniture. Now for the epigram—that liad in a nutshell:

"You see," said Sir Ned, as we entered his doors,
I have furnished my house à la Louis Quatorze."
"Then I wish," said a guest, "when you ask us to eat,
You would furnish your board à la Louis Dix-huit.
The eye cannot feast when the stomach is starving,
Pray, less of your gilding and more of your carving."

AT Saragossa, lately, there was a striking evidence of the inefficiency of public executions. While the garrote was going on, a murder was committed under the very scaffold; and a silver basin, which was placed to receive aims for masses for the souls of the condemned malefactors, was stolen.

AT North Wrexham, Wiltshire, there has been discovered, below a few feet of the earth, a perfect foundation of a Roman Villa. Sixteen rooms have been excavated, and numerous articles of domestic use found. It is supposed to have been once the dwelling-place of Agricola, as a medal of him was found there.

GREAT satisfaction is felt in England on account of the discovery of immense coal mines in New Zealand. The coal is excellent, and Auckland will soon be lit up with gas manufactured from it.

JETTER died somewhat prematurely, since the subscription raising for him in England at the time of his death would have relieved him from his embarrassments.

THE example set by Queen Victoria has made private theatricals very much the fashion. In every garrison town, the officers establish a band of amateurs, to which the men are admitted gratis. At Chatham, lately, the Duke of Cambridge and Sir De Lacy Evans took seats among the audience, much to the gratification of the soldiers.

As a specimen of the foreign correspondence of some newspapers, we present the following extract from the Paris letter of a certain paper: "At an intimate soirée given recently in the Empress's private apartments in the Tuilleries, the Princess Clothilde and Eugénie quarrelled. The Empress has pretty feet and ankles, and is not averse to showing them. After a jolly supper, she was so prodigal in the display of her 'continuations,' notwithstanding the presence of many gentlemen, that Miss Clothilde's modesty was shocked, and she left the room in a huff—which intimates, as a consequence, danger of renewed political troubles."

CAPTAIN EGBERT L. VIELE,

Chairman of the Arctic Committee, American Geographical Society.

CAPTAIN VIELE, the youngest son of the late Hon. John L. Viele, who was for a number of years Judge of the Court of Last Resort under the former State Constitution, was born in Saratoga county, New York, June 17th, 1825, and is consequently now thirty-five years of age. His early education at the Albany Academy was under the supervision of the venerable T. Romeyn Beck. At the age of sixteen he was appointed to a cadetship by the Hon. D. D. Barnard, afterwards American Minister at Berlin. Graduating at West Point in 1847, he joined his regiment in Mexico immediately on receiving his commission, and served under General Scott until the close of the war.

On the termination of hostilities, General Taylor was ordered with two divisions of the army to garrison the newly acquired frontier. Captain Viele's regiment was posted on the lower Rio Grande. The duties of the army along this extended frontier, then constantly exposed to the incursions of numerous tribes of hostile Indians, were as arduous as the active service in Mexico. The troops, divided into several parties, were always in the field. Captain Viele was assigned by General Worth to the command of a mounted battalion, stationed at the old Mexican town of Laredo. And his reports, accompanying the President's Message of 1849, exhibit the deplorable condition of the frontier, the scenes then enacted being in most respects similar to those which are now engaging the attention of Congress.

Captain Viele married in 1850 the daughter of the late Francis Griffin, of this city, who accompanied him on his return to his post. The incidents of her campaign have been given to the world in the spirited volume entitled "Following the Drum, or Scenes of Frontier Life."

Having resigned his commission in 1853, Captain Viele was appointed State Engineer of New Jersey, and charged with a geometric survey of that State. In 1856 he was appointed Engineer-in-Chief of the Central Park, his plan for that important public work having been unanimously adopted by a board of eminent men, of whom Washington Irving was President. As a member of the Council of the American Geographical Society, Captain Viele became warmly interested in the new Arctic expedition of Dr. Hayes, and as Chairman of the Arctic Committee has submitted several reports to that body, urging the importance of the expedition both in a scientific and national point of view, which have been cordially endorsed, and which will, it is believed, lead to the departure of the expedition this spring. The valuable results of Dr. Hayes's explorations, together with the new and interesting scenes which will be unfolded in that mysterious region of eternal solitude, will be laid before the readers of this paper immediately on the return of the expedition. We wish it God speed.

THE F. A. JOHNSON SLOOP MURDER.

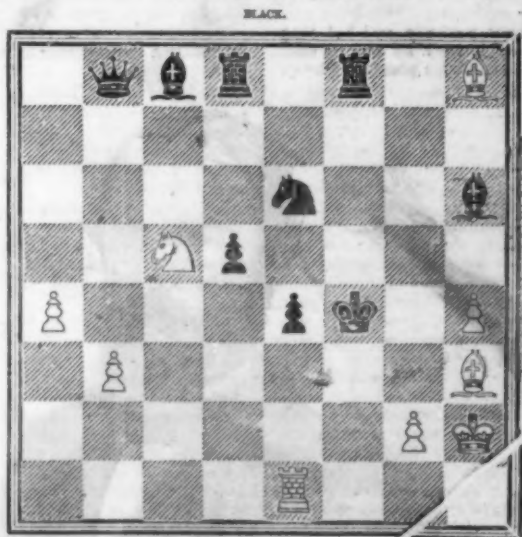
ALFRED HICKS, the supposed murderer, has been committed on the charges of piracy, murder and robbery. There were no further developments beyond those stated by us last week. It seems to be his aim to simulate insanity. When Barnum offered him a case of cigars as a compliment for sitting for his likeness, he told him it was a business transaction, and demanded twenty-five dollars, which the great showman cheerfully paid.

It is strange that none of the bodies have been washed on shore.

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. F. Frie, the Chess Editor, Box 2466, N. Y. P. O.

PROBLEM No. 233.—By K., of Westchester, N. Y. White to play and mate in three moves.



WHITE.

The following is an excellent example of Q and P against the single Queen :



White to move and win.

Game played at Manchester, between Messrs. Thorold and Fribar :

WHITE. Mr. T.	BLACK. Mr. F.	WHITE. Mr. T.	BLACK. Mr. F.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	15 Kt to Q 4	R to K 2
2 P to K B 4	P to K 4	16 K to R 4 (c)	P to K 4
3 Kt to K B 3	P to K Kt 4	17 Q to K 4	P to Q Kt 4
4 B to B 4	B to K Kt 2	18 P to Q Kt 4	R to K 1
5 P to Q 3	P to Q 3	19 P to K 4	Kt to K B 3
6 Castles	P to K R 3	20 P to K 4	Kt to K B 3
7 P to Q B 3	Q to K 2	21 B to B 4 (d)	Kt to K B 3
8 P to K Kt 3	P to K Kt 5	22 Q to Q 4	Q to K 1
9 Q to K 5 (f)	P to K 1	23 Q to Q 3	Castles
10 Q to K 5	P to K 1	24 R to K 4	Q to K 2
11 P to Q 5 (b)	B to Q B 4	25 Q to K 4	Q to K 2
12 Kt to Q 2	Kt to Q 2	26 Q to K 4	P to K 4
13 B to Q Kt 5	P to Q R 3	27 K to K 1	P to K 4
14 B to Q Kt 5 (ch)	B to K 1	28 P to K 4	Q to K 1
15 Q R to K 4	B to K 4	29 R to K 4	R to K 4

(a) A move favored by Mr. Andersen; requiring, however, great plucky play.
(b) Kt to Q 2 were the correct play, for had Black in reply taken B with B, White, by retaking with Kt, would have obtained a fine attack; and Black play 19 Kt to K B 3, P to K 4 secures an immediate advantage.
(c) We should have preferred exchanging Bishops, and then advancing the P to Q 6, following that move with R Q 4, &c.
(d) A bad move, and one which gives Black the opportunity of winning the game.—E.V.

DR. ISAAC I. HAYES

Is a native of Pennsylvania, and is the gentleman under whose superintendence the new Arctic Exploring Expedition will proceed to the northern regions. It is not our intention, in this little article, to state our ideas regarding the feasibility of the enterprise, or the advantages to be derived from such a journey, but we confine ourselves simply to a brief notice of the chief man who undertakes this hazardous expedition.

Dr. Hayes was a graduate in medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, in April, 1853. While engaged in the study of medicine he offered his services to Dr. Kane, when he contemplated commencing his Arctic voyage. His services were not accepted until the 29th of May, 1853, when he immediately purchased his outfit at his own expense, and proceeding on board of the brig *Advance*, set sail on the following day.

Nothing of importance transpired on the journey in which Dr. Hayes was more particularly interested than any other of the party, until the 18th of May, 1854, when he started with a dog sledge, and in company with William Godfrey, for Cape Frazer, in latitude 79° 42'. For the results of this undertaking we refer our readers to the narrative of Dr. Kane, and to the book published by Dr. Hayes, and entitled "Arctic Boat Journey."

Upon the intention being known of Dr. Kane to return, and finding it impossible to extricate the *Advance* from the ice which surrounded it, many of the party determined to stay with the vessel and put up with hardships there, rather than undertake a journey over the ice toward Upernivik, which would be attended with so much suffering and trial. Others, in an organized body, with J. Carl Peterson as their unanimously chosen leader, who had experienced twenty years of Arctic life in all its phases, commenced their lonesome journey, in the hope of finding some means to send relief to those whom they had left behind, and to take themselves from the dreary regions. This latter party Dr. Hayes joined. Suffice it to say their journey was unsuccessful. The party lived during three months among the Esquimaux, and returned to the brig in the middle of the Arctic night with the dog-sledges of the natives, and during the last forty hours they travelled one hundred and fifty miles.

Whatever hardships Dr. Hayes may have met with as did the rest of the party, he showed less evidence of his suffering than did almost any of the men.

He seems perfectly satisfied that by another journey he will be able to complete all his plans and be so



THE SILVER CUP PRESENTED BY THE PROPRIETORS OF THE CRESCENT NEWSPAPER AS A PRIZE, AT THE SPRING MEETING OF THE METAIRIE JOCKEY CLUB OF NEW ORLEANS.

doing add one more star in the galaxy of his country's fame.

Home, friends, kindred, all he sacrifices for the benefit of science, and that he may point out to the world and generations yet to come, by map, the exact localities where men have trod, and the positions of the seas and glaciers occupying the regions to the utmost northernness of the globe. Certain it is, that when such men as Franklin and Kane, Ross and Hayes, risk their lives in the cause, and the movement is endorsed by Mitchell and Field, Lieber and Bache, the American Geographical Society, and other societies of equal note, we must be assured some great advantages to science are to be derived from the expedition.

Dr. Hayes is a man in the prime of life, and great determination is one of his principal characteristics. When speaking of the former expedition, he relates his experience in a decidedly cool and accurate manner. He seems very confident of success, and says his great desire is to once more tread the Arctic regions and grasp the flag which years ago he placed upon the spot.

SILVER CUP

Presented by the Proprietors of the Crescent Newspaper to the Metairie Jockey Club, N. O.

Our engraving illustrates what has become a distinguishing feature at the more recent spring meetings of the Metairie Jockey Club—the silver cup, offered, in addition to the Crescent Port Stake, for all ages, by the proprietors of our excellent cotemporary, the New Orleans Crescent newspaper. This cup has been manufactured the present year by Tiffany & Co., of our own city; and, as a specimen of artistic silverwork, is by long odds the finest cup, both in unique design and exquisite handiwork, that we have ever illustrated. By its side, at the time we viewed it, stood a splendid memorial of the marine triumph of 1851, the prize pitcher won by the yacht *America* at Cowes. It was no easy comparison for a piece of New York silver-work, but the beautiful Crescent Cup seemed to grow more graceful and exquisite by the side of the *chef d'œuvre* of the London designer. In design, proportion, and—a feature perhaps more appreciable by the connoisseur, though not less creditable to the craftsman—in all the details of workmanship, the American cup surpassed its rival as signally as the American yacht did eight years ago the competition of the Royal Squadron.

The cup is twenty-two inches high, and weighs one hundred and seventy ounces. In design it is no less unique (Continued on page 313.)



DR. ISAAC I. HAYES, THE COMMANDER OF THE NEW ARCTIC EXPLORING EXPEDITION. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDRICKS.



CAPTAIN ROBERT L. VILES, CHAIRMAN OF THE ARCTIC COMMITTEE, AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDRICKS.—SEE PAGE 313.

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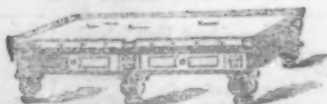
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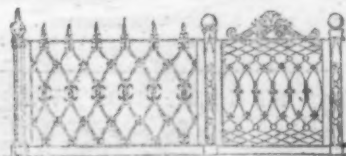
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